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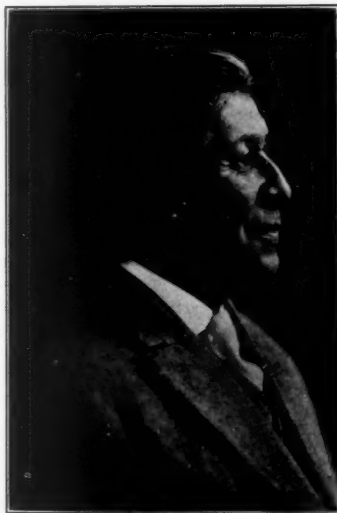
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THE AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE

A JOURNAL OF RACE PROGRESS

EDITED BY ARTHUR C. PARKER

SUMMER NUMBER
1917



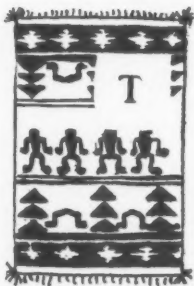
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THE AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE



The **American Indian Magazine** is issued quarterly and published at Cooperstown, N. Y.

The editors aim to make this journal the medium of communication between students and friends of the American Indian, especially between those engaged in the uplift and advancement of the race. Its text matter is the best that can be secured from the pens of Indians who think along racial lines and from non-Indians whose interest in the affairs of the race is a demonstrated fact.

The Editorial Board has undertaken to carry out the purposes of the Society of American Indians and to afford the American Indian a dignified national organ that shall be peculiarly his own, and published independent of any governmental or sectarian control.

The **Editorial Board** invites friends of the race to unite with the native American in providing the Journal with a high quality of contributions. Although contributions are reviewed as far as possible, the Magazine merely prints them and the authors of the accepted articles are responsible for the opinions they express. The ideas and desires of individuals may not be in harmony with the policy or expressed beliefs of the Editors but upon a free platform free speech is not to be denied. Contributors must realize that this Magazine cannot undertake to promote individual interests or engage in personal discussions. "The honor of the race and the good of the country shall be paramount."

The purpose of this Magazine is to spread as widely as possible for the use of Indians, non-Indian friends, students, social workers, and teachers the ideas and needs of the race, and to serve as an instrument through and by which the objects of the Society of American Indians may be achieved. We shall be glad to have the American press utilize such material as we may publish where it seems of advantage, and permission will be cheerfully granted providing due credit is given the Journal and the author of the article.

Authors and publishers are invited to send to the Editor-General, for editorial consideration in the Magazine such works of racial, scientific, or sociological interest as may prove of value to the readers of this publication.

All contributions should be sent to The Editor of The American Indian Magazine, 707 20th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and not to the publication house at Cooperstown, N. Y.

The American Indian Magazine

Published as

The Quarterly Journal of the Society of American Indians
Cooperstown, N. Y.

Vol. V

APRIL—JUNE, 1917

No. 2

ARTHUR C. PARKER, Editor-General

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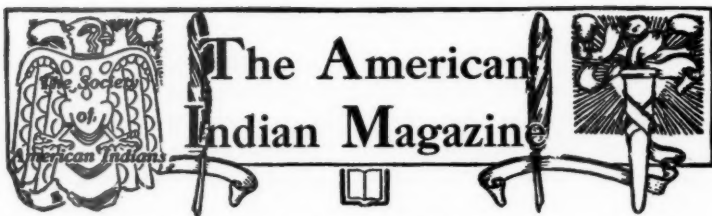
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"HE NEVER RETURNS EMPTY HANDED"

For twenty-seven years this Washoe Indian has served the Carson school and Agency at Stewart, Nevada. As a member of the United States Indian Police, appointed in 1901 he has a long and distinguished record and has the honor of having never returned without the offender he set forth to arrest.



Seargent Richard Bender, better known as Dick Bender, is this efficient Police Official and he has an enviable reputation. His special work is that of a deputy special officer in the suppression of the liquor traffic among the Indians. He entered the service of the Government in 1890 as night watchman of the Carson School. The School Super intendent thinks highly of Searg. Bender and to him we are indebted for this picture.



The Quarterly Journal of the Society of American Indians
"For the Honor of the Race and the Good of the Country"

VOI. V

APRIL-JUNE, 1917

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FOOD PRODUCTION BY INDIANS

AMERICA, in the present world crisis, needs every acre of agricultural land under cultivation. No better opportunity exists for the American Indian to demonstrate his value to the country than to produce as much food as his working ability and land will permit. Here is a chance to "get to work" in real earnest. The world is hungry and the Indian as well as the white man or the black man is paying high prices for every article he uses. The hungry world must be fed and clothed. The Indians still have millions of acres of land suitable for grazing and for farming. The Indians have a rare chance to enrich themselves and to benefit the country. They may now become a people with herds and flocks and broad acres of growing grain. This chance must not be denied them because of political conditions that hold back funds whereby the Indians may have farming tools, and frontier settlers must cease their struggle to draw off the water that irrigates Indian land.

War is not won by guns alone for even the fighter must have food and without it he is helpless. The farmer is the foundation of a nation's prosperity, and during the next few years the Indian farmer and stockman has his chance to become a world factor in production. A man so valuable and a race performing such an important function in the vital economy of the American nation will not suffer for lack of rights. Broad wide sweeping rights and a world-wide recognition come to the man and to the men who give the world valuable things. If the Indians can show that they control in any measure "the hunger situation," the nation will take off its hat in humble recognition of the Indian's might.

There is every indication that the Indians are busy now and that as never before in all history, Indian land is blossoming with verdure and that soon the red man will gain the title, "the nations' expert food producer."

AN ADMINISTRATIVE HOUSE CLEANING NEEDED

WITH a world in process of social and economic revolution, and with great changes impending in the policy of the Indian Office, this seems a good time to begin a genuine reform in certain features of the

administration of Indian affairs. The strong grip of the law should demonstrate to white citizens that they must no longer encroach upon Indian grazing and mining land, that they must respect Indian water rights and give the red man a real chance to understand that there is justice and fair play for everyone. An impartial administration unafraid of political jockeying should see that every unfit official, agent or employee is removed from the service. Ex-slave drivers, men with criminal records who have shown no marked inclination to reform, men who have failed, or have been connected with crooked business deals, all should be discharged.

Inefficient agents should not be tolerated. A man who lacks the elements of a gentleman's makeup should not be permitted to hold in his power a band of people and to become their agent "for civilization and education." In this social task where human souls are at hazard, where lives are made or marred, the unfit government employee should be marked for dismissal. To retain such men or women is wrong. By their profanity, disrespect, brutal actions, immorality and actual crookedness the Indians conceive a contempt for the Department that retains them. The Indians have to suffer and pay for these unfit employees and from them the Indians conceive what "civilization" is. It is bad business on the part of the Nation to place evil men in offices of trust, especially where human lives are placed in their hands.

There are many unsettled claims that the Indians have requested be considered. Long and patiently have they waited for hearings and at great cost in time and money they have worked upon the cases. Very slowly they are passed into official channels. The United States ought to afford, and can afford to settle these claims once and for all time. This would be a sure demonstration of the Government's sincerity and mean a great uplift to the spirit of the Indian people.

The Nation must clean up all these affairs. A sympathetic, loyal set of men alone, (and there are many now), can make an administration successful. Let us have all the men and women in the Indian service persons of this quality, then with clean, up-to-date laws and an Indian people satisfied with the speedily obtained justice given by the Government, the so-called problem will gradually dissolve.

GENERAL PRATT PRESENTS DRASTIC FACTS

GENERAL R. H. Pratt has written and published a new pamphlet of very great interest. It bears the title, "Drastic Facts About our Indians and Our Indian System."

Few men have ever wielded the pen as graphically as General Pratt, when it comes to an analysis of the system that came into being for the control of Indian affairs. We find no loss of power in the style or subject matter presented in the two articles that form the text matter of the General's booklet.

The first section is a revised statement drawn from an interview

with General Pratt and printed in the Berkley (Cal.) *Daily Gazette*, under date of Feb. 16, 1917. The appeal for an American opportunity for the Indians is a strong one and it will surely result in stirring the public to action. We believe that action is already under way. The General's views upon Indian matters are now endorsed by many influential men and women who have the welfare of the Indian race at heart. In his own words we desire to submit the concluding statements of the General as published in the first section of his brochure. He says.

"Never will it be possible for the Indian to reach his fullest development into real competing American citizenship so long as he is compelled by the system of his education and training to only compare himself with himself. This alone makes it quite impossible for him to get beyond his Indian life. To free the Indian and consummate his citizenship by giving him the proper environment and such education and training as will make him equal to his freedom, every system whatsoever (including purely Indian schools), which favors his remaining tribal and segregated should be abandoned, and the widest opportunity out into our civilization substituted.

"The contact of people is the best of all education."

"The way has always been open for people of all races to cross great oceans and come and live among us, through which fraternity they quickly become acceptable citizens to our and their great advantage. The same course would have brought the same usefulness to the Indians and saved their manhood. Nobody can say the Indian is less competent than these other races for this true process has been little tried on him.

"All right experience shows that the Indians are just as capable of development and usefulness in all respects as we are.

"If one-tenth of the more than five hundred millions of dollars we have spent in driving the Indians away from contact with our civilization and keeping them remote and segregated tribally had been used in kindly helping them to come among us, and in training them individually, just as we do all foreigners and our own people into useful members of our national family there would now be many more, far healthier, more prosperous and happier Indians in the country and the burden and expense of special care over them ended.

"This sane and most American course would have been highest proof that our Declaration of Independence and Constitution are not empty and alluring mirage.

"We all as Americans have a share in the shame of every wrong and the glory of every right national achievement. Long ago we should have put our energies at work to change our Indian administration into a national honor and so have ended its career as a national disgrace."

The second section of the pamphlet is devoted to the General's speech at the Mohonk Lake Conference, Oct. 18, 1916. Delivered entirely extemporaneously as it was, the General has quite justly re-edited it. It contains a presentation of General Pratt's views of the

Indian administration, the Board of Indian Commissioners, and the school system. The facts which he presents are, indeed, "Drastic Facts." We honor the man who is so manifestly unselfish that at his own expense and without any organized support is able to get before the public the facts that should be known and acted upon. During his lifetime we hope to see every dream of American freedom and of American opportunity as seen by "Our dear General" realized in its fullest detail.

THE INDIAN OFFICE DECLARES A POLICY

IT is gratifying to those who have watched the progress of the present administration of Indian affairs to know that the Indian Commissioner has announced the policy which is to govern the present and future dealings of the Government with the Indians. Long has it been a question as to just what the Indian Office had in mind and some very good people held the conviction that it was devoted only to the routine of land and trust fund administration and to the work of meeting emergencies. Many believed that a progressive program should be declared in order that the Indians and the public might cooperate with the Department or know definitely in what way its plans should be condemned.

The Indian Commissioner has now issued his declaration. We have published this document in full in another portion of this magazine both as a matter of record and for immediate information. The Commissioner states, "The time has come for discontinuing guardianship of all competent Indians and giving even closer attention to the incompetent that they may more speedily achieve competency." This is fully in line with the policy already pursued by the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner, and it is basic with the Indian Office that the competent Indian shall now take care of himself in every way. The Department barriers are now cut.

We venture to say that, while most friends of the Indians will agree with the Commissioner, some will purposely confuse the situation by questioning what the term "competent" means.

We are glad to note that Indian students in Indian and white schools are to be educated for citizenship. Education should be of such character that every boy and girl is made competent to make a living and to compete with his white neighbors in business transactions. Citizenship should follow as a matter of course to every graduate of 21 years or over. The new rule permitting the aged, the sick and the feeble to use their real estate for the purpose of income even though they are "in the incompetent class" is both common sense and justice.

The entire spirit of Commissioner Sells' Declaration is that of liberalism. We hope that the Government ere long will be able to announce an ever more liberal policy, made possible because no more incompetent Indians are to be found.

THE INDIAN LEADER

Among the few Indian school papers that print articles concerning the great world outside the narrow circle of reservation and agency or school life, the *Indian Leader* published at Haskell Institute stands pre-eminent. Always a fine example of a school periodical it has now enlarged its usefulness by printing each week a section devoted to "History in the Making." It is a splendid idea. Both the Indian pupil and their parents who read these school papers must be taught to see that the school places them in touch with all the world. The "History in the Making" department of the *Leader* in topics selected day by day points out the news and progress of the world, and thereby enlarges the vision of the reader. Introspection has done much to conserve a morbid state of mind in Indian matters; now by directing the view afar the *Indian Leader* is making a perspective possible. There will be no danger, let it be said of forgetting the immediate problem.

BLOTTING OUT THE INDIAN

IN a notable article published in this issue of the *American Indian Magazine*, Mr. M. B. Hannah has discussed the problem of absorbing the American Indian. Mr. Hannah is a student at Leland Stanford University, California, and has submitted his essay as a thesis in competition for the Bonneheim Prize. He is not connected with any Governmental department and his criticism is impartial.

Mr. Hannah's criticism of the governmental policy is that it is trying to make a white man out of the red man. "First, we subdued him," says Mr. Hannah, "then we took all the spirit of initiative from him by the feeding and clothing system; and now we are robbing him of every iota of self-respect." He continues, "No subdued race has ever given to the world, while it was in a state of subjection, anything which has advanced the cause of civilization. It is only while a nation is free and proud and conscious of its power that it does a great work in the world."

We feel that our writer is substantially correct and we ourselves have frequently stated that no man can become a citizen of first quality if he has been schooled to believe his ancestors worthless savages with no characteristics worthy of emulation. We believe, however, that an Indian's education should be broader than that given merely by an Indian education. While an Indian boy or girl should by all means be taught a knowledge of his ancestors, the heroes and leaders of his race and something of his native art and music, we think the Indian pupil should also know much of Washington, of Lincoln and Webster, of the present day leaders of America and of the art and music of the so-called civilized world. The Indian youth is not the only one who is denied a true knowledge of the great things of Indian life; the white boy is also. All America would be better for an acquaintance with the lives of representative Indian leaders of the old day, such as Tecumseh, Pontiac,

Osceola and Farmers Brother. The speeches of Little Turtle, Red Jacket Garangula, and Peter Wilson are models of eloquence and with profit might well be studied today. Indian art and music are peculiarly American.

In the citizenship of the world that man shines best who is loyal to his own traditions and who has developed the best that is within himself; the same is true of a race. To blot out the Indian is wrong but to allow the Indian to adjust himself to the requirements of modern progress is nothing more than abstract justice.

Y. M. C. A. WORK AMONG INDIANS

A STUDENTS' conference has been called to meet at Blairstown, New Jersey, June 23-29. This annual meeting of young men who are struggling to develop the best resources within themselves has in the past been productive of much good. This year, as before, the call has been extended through the Young Mens' Christian Association, to Indian students.

Five young Indians have united in an appeal to the youth of their race to join with them in the Blairstown Conference. These are Ralph Walkingstick and Philip Frazier of Dartmouth, Paul Baldeagle and William Williams of Mt. Hermon and David Owl of Springfield Y. M. C. A. College. "In this conference," so their appeal reads, "we will have opportunity to meet and associate intimately with the finest students coming from the eastern colleges and universities. This in itself will be of great value to us. This Conference will enable us as Indian students to make a united attack on our especial racial problems."

From the present indications there will be a goodly representation of Indians from the various schools and colleges. The results will be inspiring. The Y. M. C. A. has specially set forth to make the opportunities it sets before its members and friends operate dynamically. It has taught that good to be of service must *operate*, that inspiration must take the form of *action*. This is logical indeed, otherwise these meetings and conferences are merely times when a man is "just interested" or merely amused.

The Y. M. C. A. work among Indians is fortunate in having at its head a young man born among the Sioux and who understands the many special problems that confront the Indian youth. Filled with enthusiasm and splendid plans he has given many an Indian boy who was all but utterly discouraged a new lift and a new purpose in life. The labors of Robert D. Hall among the Indian boys of the country have actually been productive. Cleaner lives, stronger character, more efficient students and better citizens have resulted from his friendly counsel. The young men among the student bodies of the schools and out on the reservations eagerly await the visits of Robert Hall. "He's a friend who understands a fellow's problems," they say, and his strong grip and warm

greeting puts one at ease and makes one feel that this Y. M. C. A. leader is a good fellow to listen to.

The Eagles Mere conference has the endorsement of Mr. Hall and the opportunity is one that a serious Indian boy can scarcely afford to miss. It has so impressed more than a score of college men among the Indians that they are actually going to forego opportunities to work in various fields that pay well in money, until after the conference. There is much wisdom here and many will follow this example we hope. Real dividends come from training and in the upbuilding of character and not so much from salting away little earnings. In the better character that the youth attains while still young comes better ability and training to work more productively when the student becomes a world's worker in real earnest.

KUSICK THE FRIEND OF LAFAYETTE

LIEUT. David Kusick, Chief of the Tuscaroras, was a loyal patriot. During the Revolutionary War he served with Gen. Lafayette, being attached to his staff with the full commission of Lieutenant. More than twenty years after the conclusion of peace Chief Kusick happened to be in Washington, where by accident he heard the name of Lafayette mentioned. Full of eagerness, at the mention of his General's name, he asked, "Is he yet alive?"

"Yes, he is not only alive," was the reply, "but well and hearty." Then the informant turned to the Indian and giving him a searching look asked, "Then, *you* knew Gen. Lafayette?" The Indian Chief smiled as he answered, "O, yes, I knew him well; and many a time in battle I threw myself between him and the bullets of the enemy, for I loved him."

Like a true man, Kusick knew how to take thrusts and bear wounds to save the heart throbs and the life of a friend. For some years Lieut. Kusick received a pension from Congress but a little later a bill was passed making it necessary for a pensioner to swear that he could not live without the funds the pension would supply. Like the man he was the gallant Tuscarora refused to take such an oath and gave up his pension.

"Now here is my little log cabin," said he, "And it is my own; here is my land where I can raise corn and beans and pumpkins; and there is Lake Oneida where I can fish. With these things I can make out to live without a pension and to say I could not would be a lie to the Great Spirit."

Loyalty and integrity of character marked this forgotten hero but the lesson of his life must be remembered and not forgotten by his fellow countrymen of today.

A NOTED PATHFINDER IN SCIENCE



LEWIS H. MORGAN

It was Lewis Henry Morgan who first opened the gateways to a scientific study of the Indian and who from this study pointed out the laws of social evolution by which mankind has risen step by step from primitive ignorance to civilization.

LEWIS HENRY MORGAN¹

"Ezra monumentum aere perennius." Horace

MANKIND has walked down through the ages over a custom beaten trail hedged in by the towering walls of ignorance and apathy. As a mass of beings, mankind has looked neither to the right nor to the left, and when it looked at all through the eyes of an individual it looked either backward or forward.

Now and again, however, there has come along the rutted road a man who thought and who, because he observed and compared and reasoned accurately, found new gateways that pierced the walls and showed vistas of better things for humanity. Some of these men who thought and reasoned as they journeyed have been soldiers of liberty, some priests of religion and others students of science.

We ought never to forget these pioneers who have pointed out new fields beyond our former narrow vision, for they have as truly given new works to the human mind as the discoverers of new lands upon the globe have given new places for habitation. The discoverers of the new gateways to knowledge have enlarged the range of human experience and given man a more complete understanding of himself and the world wherein he lives.

Seldom is it given unto one man to open one gate and rarely is there one who swings ajar a second one. But if the finder of one is honored how much more should we give tributes of praise to him who has battered down two barriers and cleared the path a long way in.

It fell the lot of Lewis Henry Morgan to be the pioneer in two great fields of human science—ethnology and sociology. So clearly did Lewis Morgan see into these twin sciences that no student who came afterwards has written without acknowledging his debt to him and making substantial quotations from Morgan's writings.

A man who knew Morgan during his lifetime has written of him: "Mr. Morgan was one of those rare men of restless mental activity and tireless energy who literally create their own environment, turning every circumstance that they may encounter to advantage in their congenial field of achievement." Dr. W. H. Holmes has written: "It will not be claimed that Morgan said the last word regarding the diversified and intricate subjects that he ventured to discuss, but he has said the first word on many problems that will not be solved for generations to come. He found the vast domain of American ethnology practically unexplored and ventured boldly into pathways hitherto wholly untrodden.—"He must always remain an heroic figure on the dawning science of primitive man.—Morgan was a man of exceptional mental endowments and the passion for research developed early in his career knew no

¹ Part of the Editor's address at the dedication of the Lewis H. Morgan School, Rochester, N. Y., May 5, 1917.

diminuation to the end of his life. His tireless energy and great tenacity of purpose are attested by the manner in which he pursued clues that by seeming accident were thrown his way."

Morgan's inspiration came from his contact with the Indians of Western New York among whom he discovered the clues that led to his study of the clans and social systems of nearly all the tribes of America. He was the first scientist to point out that the American Indian was a type of primitive man in whose customs, beliefs and social organization it was possible to interpret the history and progress of the entire human family. Morgan laid the basis for a scientific study of the Indian and his own books on the red man are eloquent documents that science of today reads with respect.

The work of this eminent scientist known the world over and written and published in all the languages of the civilized world were first made possible by his acquaintance with an educated Indian youth. Their friendship was warm and congenial to the end of their lives. Like every pioneer who most rapidly finds his way into unknown lands he had a native guide who understood just what he wanted to find.

Morgan was born in 1818 and died in 1881. During the year 1918 the scientific societies of New York and other states will unite in a memorial tribute to this scientist who was indeed a faithful friend of the race he studied. Educated Indians will unite in this memorial and now are planning their share in the ceremonial, which is to be held in Rochester, N. Y., under the auspices of Morgan Chapter of the New York State Archeological Association. In this observance officers and members of the Society of American Indians will participate.

NOT A SENECA CLAIMS EXEMPTION

THE District Attorney of Genesee County told me this story. It interested me greatly because I happen to be a Seneca and hold the title of one of the ancient war chiefs. Here is the story—it's good for other Americans to think about:

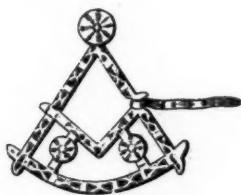
Registration day came, when every man in the Country between the ages of eighteen and thirty-one must register as a potential member of the army. The District Attorney was sent to the Seneca reservation to enroll the members of the tribe. He arrived early at the registration hall, but the Indians were there before him. Every Seneca of registration age eagerly signed up, and signed early. Now mark this, who lack courage and patriotism, *Not one single Seneca claimed exemption on any ground whatsoever.*

With the Senecas came their wives and in some cases the children. The wife of one prominent Seneca kept at her husband's side as he registered. The Clerk noticed her interest and remarked about it. "I came here with Nick," she said, "to see that he registered right. We have four children, but that will not excuse him. I'm plenty able to take care of them, and if Nick claims exemption on that ground, 'I'll leave him!'"

When it comes to counting patriots, do not forget the Seneca women



a



b



c



d



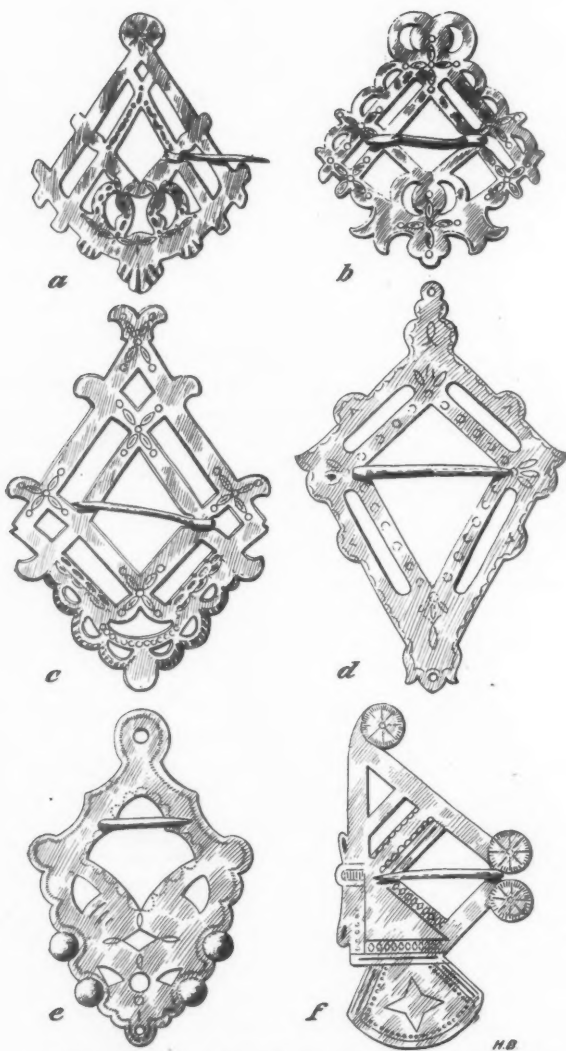
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f

HB

a. Brooch said to have been worn by Red Jacket. This is a correct Masonic form. *b.* Iroquois brooch with compasses set at 60° , the correct angle. *c* and *d.* The Masonic emblem slightly conventionalized. *e.* Masonic brooch with the space between the arc and the square filled with decorative patterns. *f.* Highly conventionalized brooch showing the "pillars" extended upward through the arms of the compasses. There are many of these brooches but the modern Iroquois seldom knows what the original motif means.



a. The Masonic emblem still further conventionalized. The brooch is called "the fire sticks" and the decorations at the bottom, "flames." *b.* The "wolf brooch." The ornaments at the bottom are "wolves ears." *c* and *d.* The Masonic motif in Seneca buckles. *e.* Brooch with curvilinear design. *f.* The Masonic motif halved and the arc transformed to a tomahawk blade. The arms with the circular ends are called "war clubs."

THE INDIAN AS A MASON

ONE of the most frequent questions asked of the Indian who is able to describe his tribal customs is, "Do the Indians have any ceremonial society similar to the Masons?" Sometimes this question is answered in the affirmative and sometimes in the negative. Perhaps the Indians do not know what Masonry, as the white man conceives it, is. If this is so he has no means of answering, but if he has been made a Mason he is on surer ground.

As a matter of fact the various Indian tribes have many secret and semi-secret ceremonies and orders. Just as Masonry is the outward expression of a ritual which explains the origin and customs of Masonry, so these Indian orders enact their rituals, dramatizing the story of their origin, and by various ceremonies enacting scenes that portray their teachings. There are in certain orders ties of brotherhood and friendship. The Bureau of Ethnology and the American Museum of Natural History have recently made special studies of Indian orders and rituals, but none of them appear similar in any way to the text of the rituals of the Masonic order. There are no Masonic words or grips, no reference to squares and compasses or to the arc of a circle.

The so-called "Masonry" of the Indians is of their own development and its teachings and forms are the expression of their own desires and experiences. Frequently there are altars as among the Navajoes and many times the "lodge" is seated in the form of an oblong, a square or a circle. In some orders the ritual is chanted in unison by the entire lodge, to the chugging of rattles, the tapping of drums and the piquant note of a native flute.

With the coming of the white man to the shores of the Atlantic coast, some Indians did become Masons. Sir William Johnson, as Master of Patrick Lodge, influenced some of the chiefs with Masonic teachings and his friend Thayendaneagea, or Capt. Joseph Brant, was initiated into the order. The Indians looked with awe upon the emblems worn by these leaders and copied them in their silver ornaments. Some of these pins or brooches as made by the Iroquois are shown in the accompanying cuts. It is interesting to observe how the emblem was conventionalized again and again until its original *motif* was forgotten by the craftsman.

Today hundreds of American Indians are Masons, some of high degree. There are indeed few Indian communities where there are not Indian Masons, many of whom have been Masters of their lodges.

EDITORIAL COMMENT



Civilization not yet Perfect

Civilization is a very imperfect thing. Our present form of "civilization" has developed in a most astonishing manner the material resources of the world and we are overwhelmed by the tremendous public works we see, by mighty manufacturing plants and by towering buildings. Science has advanced along material lines at a rapid pace. The wildest dreams of the prophets and seers of old are set at discount by actual achievements born overnight. Earth and water, fire and air are all harnessed by man and out of them pour the heat, light and energy that bring transformations like magic.

But, with Alfred Russell Wallace, we may pause and ask if, after all, mankind has really improved his inner self. A survey of the world of mankind seems to reveal that humanity has done everything but improve itself. We may invent machines but we have written no greater poems than the Persians, no cleaner moral philosophy than the Greek and Roman sages, and few examples of character equal the examples found in the nobility of men and women of old. Mankind has come remarkably near "gaining the whole world" and at the same time "losing its own soul." The great potentialities of life, of mind and of spirit have suffered neglect. The result is *a highly distorted form of civilization.*

Little wonder that primitive people have been confused by it and scorched by its blasting flames until, like forest plants, they wilted and died out. There are instances in which primitive peoples were far superior to "civilized man" of today. The Peruvian nation of the time of the Spanish conquest was a highly moral people. They had even banished the idea of theft. No one feared his property would be stolen. Then came the "civilized Spanish" to blast their code of ethics and to show why robbery was a profitable thing. Certain Brazilian tribes even today cannot conceive how one man could steal another man's goods and when questioned about the punishments for sex immorality told the University of Pennsylvania exploring party that there was no punishment because no one had ever heard of such a form of immorality. One chief told Dr. Farrabee that the very idea was preposterous and that there could never be such a sin committed. Many more instances might be cited but these two suffice to point out that "civilized man" has not made his moral code a genuine part of his nature and makeup. Many very highly "civilized people" think that morality is good for the "other fellow" but can be transgressed by themselves, individually. "We must look out for number one," they will say. When a civilization fosters all the evils of society and of government that we see about us daily, there must be something wrong with its foundation. As we see it, modern

civilization consists at the bottom and root of *getting something material for one's own self*. The direct object of this desire to acquire property is that the individual may obtain the means to get more property, gain power over men, banish the necessity of manual work and live in ease and luxury *at the expense of others*. In modern society men desire to get as easily and as cheaply everything they can, with the least expenditure of energy or money. This leads to the taking away from the weak or unprotected anything they may have. It leads to robbery, oppression and the centering of absolute power in the hands of a few men.

In such a form of civilization, justice, brotherly love, morality and religion have a hard struggle. With many there are no more of these things than "good business" will allow. Modern civilization must undergo some overwhelming changes or in the end it will fall, having failed to bring mankind into its destined heritage. In the meantime men must live under conditions imposed by this "civilization" and they must also struggle for its purification. A measure of hope is extended when we realize the great efforts being put forth by the struggling thousands that are calling the race and the nation to a more just and more consistent social system.

THE MEANING OF COMPETENCY

COMPETENCY means the ability *to compete*. It means the ability to get along with the other fellow on an equal footing. In a business "deal," honest business rules require that each party to the transaction know exactly what he is doing and the results of the deal to himself. Where one party does not know just what he is buying or selling or does not know about its real value he is "*incompetent*" to deal with the other man.

An Indian who does not know the value of his land and does not understand its possibilities for grazing, farming, mining or for building purposes, is incompetent when a shrewd buyer comes along with a smooth story and a roll of bills. In order to be competent the Indian must understand some or all of the "tricks of the trade." A white man, by the same token, is incompetent when an Indian comes along and tells what a fine proposition he has to offer and then sells the white man a worthless patch of rock for a gold mine. A football player is incompetent if he is not just about as strong as the other men in his team and just as strong as his opponents. A ten year old boy is incompetent to lift a barrel of potatoes but a strong man is fully competent to do it. A man who has never learned to read is incompetent to become a stenographer or a proof reader without a long period of training.

In order to be competent a man or a woman must know how to do a certain thing and then be strong enough and have training enough to do it—at the same time looking out for possible dangers.

In their native state almost all healthy Indians were fully competent. They could *compete*, that is, *get along on even terms* with other Indians. They were trained to meet the kind of conditions which their

life imposed upon them. They could buy and sell and protect their property in full understanding what it meant to them.

Civilization came. With it came men trained in many schemes of business trickery. *Civilized white men wanted what the Indians had.* White men got what they wanted. Why? Because the Indians were *incompetent* to stop them. The Indians could not meet the white men on even terms because the Indians had not the resources or the training. The Indians had never played the same kind of a game. The result is that the Indians have lost nearly all their possessions and a Governmental Department now holds the Indians in a state of wardship or tutelage, hoping that after a while all Indians will be able to compete with white men,—that is to be equal with white men in business training.

When it is said that some Indians are incompetent it is not meant that they are not capable of learning. It only means that they have not yet learned. The fact that thousands of Indians are competent proves that the race may soon achieve an even footing with the white man.

Competency is a relative term. It is applied to a certain definite end. For example, if the end is life on the deserts of Arizona a white man educated in Harvard would not be as competent as a native Papago Indian. The College white man would be the incompetent. He would have to be trained how to live in a land of cacti and sage.

And so the comparison goes,—a man is able to compete in the business for which he has been *trained*. The degree of his competency depends upon his ability, upon his *knowledge*, upon his foresight and upon his *caution*.

Competent Indians will be fully able to handle their property and to do business for themselves, knowing full well that the career of the business man, or any man in the world today, is beset with traps and pitfalls. Competency, then means as much how to avoid being cheated as it does how to buy or to sell.

To achieve competency, therefore, in the modern sense, the Indians must avail themselves of every bit of business training they can get, and learn from the experience of bitter knocks, the value the world sets upon their possessions. When they have learned this they will not only be competent to "make a good business deal" but also how to protect their remaining property. In that day there will be an end to the phrase, "Lo the poor Indian!"



MAKING A WHITE MAN OUT OF AN INDIAN NOT A GOOD PLAN

FREQUENTLY certain friends of the Indian express views that lead one to think that they have no clear idea of why it is necessary to teach the Indian the "white man's way." The Editor of *The American Indian Magazine* receives several letters each month asking why the Indian should be changed from his native condition with all its virtuous and picturesque features, and turned into a "civilized citizen." Our interrogators sometimes fly to extremes and pick out all the evils and excrescences of civilization and ask if we think Indians should learn such things. At the same time they extol the virtues of the native life and totally pass over the evils and excrescences of a native culture. Of course this is not fair and cannot lead to a just argument.

In the first place, no logical mind expects that anyone short of the Creator can transform an Indian into a white man. We hope no mere human desires to do such a thing. An Indian cannot be a white man any more than Colonel Roosevelt can be Kaiser Wilhelm, or any more than President Wilson can be Editor Bryan. Men are individuals and so are races. Each has its own personality, individuality, color, and each has its own particular mission in the Cosmic economy. In the second place, no real thinker desires that the Indians or any one else should continue either in primitive ignorance or decay in the sins of civilization.

The question of "the manner of life" is a vital one with the Indians. In the first place they must *live*. They must *make a living*. They must *know how to make a living*. They must live in a country whose inhabitants are familiar with "civilized" customs. To make a living under such conditions Indians must have all the knowledge necessary for getting along in a business way with their white neighbors. In order that the two races may not distrust one another the Indian must have the same purpose in life as the best of his fellow countrymen and must be a vital producing part of his country. He must also show by his actions that he is willing to give, for a fair exchange, everything of which he is capable to his country, and do so with the welfare of the whole country in mind. For this reason he ought to be a citizen, for citizenship will contribute to his efficiency. As a citizen he will be as self supporting and as independent as any other man in the country. He will not be *specially* set apart for gratuitous favors, for which someone else pays.

Once the Indian has learned how to get along with his fellow citizens in a business way, once he is as well trained in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship as any other average citizen, we shall have no fear that his Indian personality will be submerged or that his character will lose its picturesque qualities, its romance or its aboriginal imagination. Sad as the case may be, this is a business world and the Indian who cannot do business like other citizens will lose everything he has. He will lose his land; he has lost much already. Manhattan Island sold for twenty-six dollars worth of beads, Dakota land sold for a cent an acre,

trinkets and baubles sold by white traders for valuable furs and for timber or mining rights, are examples of the losses the Indians have sustained because they did not know *values* and could not do business. Of course these are examples of "bad business" and the shame is the white man's, but just the same the Indian was the loser. The shame is that modern civilization is so inhuman that its people have been dishonest and that many are still willing to take advantage of ignorance. But Nature herself does the same.

The Indians and for that matter other persons, yellow or white, are victims of predatory business if they are ignorant. The lesson is to learn how to *compete*. You can't take advantage of the man who knows the game.

Once the Indians know this business game they may organize tribes if they wish, they may parade in buckskin and plumes, they may unite in a great national historical society devoted to the preservation and the teaching of their ancient culture. They may do this without injury to anyone and with the knowledge that they are entitled to do so. Certainly the country is the richer for the existence of orders like the Sons of the Revolution, Scotch societies, New England Dames, Companies of Zouaves, Alhambra and Mystic Shrine Orders and the like, all of whom in picturesque garb dramatize race life and historic events and periods. The world must not all be gray, there must be color. If all the world dressed alike, thought alike, acted alike, what a dreary place this planet would be. Nobody would be of any particular use, personality would be gone and nations would sink into unconsciousness.

We believe that the special inventions, costumes, music, poetry, art, drama and social institutions of the various races should be preserved and lived, when they are not injurious or perverted. Men are better men when they live out the finer traditions of their ancestry, but it must be remembered they must first *live*. They must live the normal lives of free citizens. They must be *able* to live, and live useful lives.

Under aboriginal conditions Indians cannot live any longer. That life, so far as its external features are concerned is gone. Indian life in the past was the direct outcome and a response to an environment. When the environment ceases the life must change; *there must be a new adaptation and a new response*. The good in the old life remains the tradition, which may remain operative, however, so long as it is not inconsistent with the new environment. Where vestiges of the old life impede progress and prevent "getting along" with the normal citizenry, these vestiges must be given up, or relegated for use at proper times and occasions.

Someday the Indian will "come back" and recrystallize his traditions and redevelop his native genius in a manner that will make the country glad that the red man was not totally blotted out. There is in the unspoiled Indian character certain qualities that the country needs. In due season the world will have this benefit.

In the meantime the Indians are devoting themselves to the training that will make them normal American citizens.

LOOKING INTO THE UNCERTAIN FUTURE

Stripped of all the aggressiveness and independence that was inherent in the old life, and confined to a reservation, the Indian ward has become what his ancestors never were—dependent. The clothes he wears, the food he eats, the way he lives are all strange things that he does not produce. Without an adequate knowledge of "civilization" how shall the old type red man survive?



Perhaps this is what Shakwitch, (Whitehead) is thinking about. In the more than 90 years of his life he has seen many changes in the affairs of his people. The new life has come and about it he knows little; his grand-nephew with whom he lives knows more about it, yet Guy Gardiner is somehow not so filled with the old spirit as Shakwitch. The new life is crowding the old out of the hearts of the people. In the modern struggle to live one must learn all that the white man knows, for starvation awaits the man who has not this knowledge. The man with the bow and arrow cannot fight with the man who possesses an automatic rifle.

AN ARAPAHOE INDIAN WHO IS AN EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN

UNTIL very recently missionaries have not labored among the Arapahoes. This great tribe of Indians living along the edges of the Rocky Mountains seem to reflect the greatness of the towering heights of those everlasting hills. Men of fine character were produced by this tribe in the old day and it is reassuring to find that its traditions and vigor still survive.



Sherman Coolidge, the Arapahoe, is one of the best known Indians today. For four years he was the President of the Society of American Indians and now is its Honorary President and the Chairman of its Publication Committee. He has a remarkable life history filled with romance and adventure. Some day he may write a book telling of his early struggles and of his efforts to uplift his people. He was formerly a resident of Enid, Oklahoma but now has a home in Faribault, Minn., and a ranch in Wyoming.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN'S APPEAL

By A. B. FREEMAN (Sioux)



AM an American Indian—one of the remaining three hundred thousand—pleading for justice. Surely a nation turning sympathetic face toward Belgium will heed, too, the appalling drama of my people. The tragedy is no less pitiful because without hateful intent. Neither government nor citizen has purposed it. It is simply the narrative of a nature-race thrust aside by a mighty civilization mad with money-lust. It is the story of a free-born people deprived, through a professedly benevolent but really barbarous system, of equality and liberty.

Time was when the Indian had this continent for a playground. Three hundred years ago the White Man came. Weary in body he "asked to lie down on the Red Man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the Red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children." But now the White Man has become mighty, and spread his title over all and says, "It is mine!" The Declaration of Independence states that all men are created equal, and endowed with the right of liberty. Have these inalienable rights been meted out to the Indian?

To begin with, civilization through the reservation system, has destroyed our economic freedom. According to the latest Census Report, two hundred fifty thousand, or five-sixths of the Indian population are thus imprisoned. Deprived of our hunting-grounds, we are no longer self-supporting, but dependent. However benevolent the motive, the segregation system is inherently unjust. It enforces idleness and so flies in the face of that eternal curse and blessing—WORK; it dulls all sense of duty, and so denies the priceless burden and boon of responsibility; it permits a pack of human wolves, hungry for money and for land, to prowls along the reservation border and to plunder a defenseless people; it permits degenerates and purveyors of vice to hover about these confines and to debase physically: it tempts agents of alcohol to evade prohibition laws and to debauch through rum. In short, a vast system, fostered by the government and intended to protect my people, permits the ghouls and vandals of civilization to prey upon them. Here is proof. The 1914 Mohonk Conference Report shows that, under political influence of the Oklahoma Delegation, Congress removed certain wholesome restrictions; and so within sixty days the Creek tribe had not an acre left nor a dollar to show for it. In one year Assistant Attorney-General Frost was confronted with eleven thousand fraudulent land transactions, victimizing Oklahoma Indians. He had one hundred fifty charges against one United States Senator alone. The same report

1. The prize winning oration of the inter-collegiate contest at De Pauw University.

makes plain that rum agents have sold their wares to my people, and that the lecherous and fallen of a border civilization have preyed upon them.

But further results of economic collapse are seen in the consequent physical degeneracy of the Indian. The latest available Interior Department Reports show that twenty-five thousand Indians suffering from tuberculosis have only three hundred hospital beds. Sixty thousand are going blind from trachoma and no adequate effort is being made to check it. No wonder we are not the strong and initiative people who entered these reservations a half century ago! No wonder "the music of our life has gone out!" No wonder we are heartbroken and disconsolate! No wonder that under the "doom of perpetual childhood" we croon above our dead past and cry, "no more shall we hunt the deer, nor glide over the peaceful waters unrestrained in our bark canoes, nor lay up our winter store of food beside the dashing waterfall!"

Even more bitter than the loss of his economic equality and liberty is the social exile of the Indian. The reservation system has robbed him of his inter-clan communion—The first essential to unity. A "deadening absolutism" condemns him to tribal imprisonment. He is separated not only from the White Man and his civilization but also from his fellow Red Man. Inadequate educational facilities increase the blackness of his banishment. In 1910 forty-five per cent of my people were illiterate—the most untutored race in America. The Indian Commissioner recently wrote: "There are about ten thousand Indian children *without any school facilities whatever* * * * also about seven thousand five hundred children defective either physically or mentally, *for whom no adequate facilities are available!*" And while depriving him of social intercourse and proper education this system besmirches further his dishonored name. What does the very word Indian suggest? A skulking savage with a tomahawk in one hand and a dripping scalp in the other! We are denounced as crafty and treacherous in our inmost nature. I can never forget the day my blood chilled when the school-children taunted me, "You low-lived, savage Kickapoo! Let's kill the dirty Indian!" And this in Boston, sacred in traditions of Old Faneuil Hall! Well, before the advent of the White Man, the Indian lived a life of pristine purity and child-like faith—to this day the inspiration of the poet and the sculptor. But since the White Man came, has not the soil of every state been stained with guiltless Indian blood? History recalls the Pilgrim preacher thanking God the militia had "sent six hundred heathen souls to hell;" the Sand Creek, Colorado, massacre of Indian mothers, with children at their breasts; the Pine Ridge, South Dakota, butchery; and the starvation and the slaughter of Dull Knife's Band in Nebraska. Crafty and treacherous are we? Well, impartial history recalls governmental treaties pledging, "As long as grass grows and water flows, we will keep this sacred covenant;" the ruthless trampling under foot of these American "scraps of paper;" and the appalling truth in the confession of General Sherman, Chairman of the Treaty Commission. "The government has made hundreds of treaties with the Indians and has never kept one!" Thus the reservation system professing frater-

AN INDIAN ORATOR

A Boston born Sioux attending college in Indiana.



ALBERT B. FREEMAN

Gaiewahgowa is a Sioux and an orator. Recently he won the intercollegiate contest in oratory and his college in his honor named a holiday after him. This Sioux bears the English name of A. B. Freeman and he owns that he was born in Boston. He is a student at De Pauw University.

nalism proves to be paternalism; it makes some provision for the Red Man's education, but it is a child-race education, stifling individual endowment and initiative; it sincerely attempts protection, but harbors the despoiler; it smiles upon the preachment of universal brotherhood, but perpetuates the Indian's name of infamy. The system, in short, makes of him a social outcast!

Again, how much of equality and liberty has been given to my people in a political sense? We have been denied definite civic standing. Who, pray, are we? What are we before the courts or the ballot-box? Surely we are not foreign-born intruders. No; we are native-born Americans! Surely we are not alien people looking towards enfranchisement. No; athwart our path to suffrage a mighty system stands! Nor are we rebels against the government, nor traitors to the flag! What then are we? Strange inequality, is it not, to emancipate and enfranchise four million slaves and then confine to reservations two hundred fifty thousand native-born Americans? Strange travesty on liberty, is it not, to admit annually a million immigrants, holding before them the hope of citizenship, and meanwhile to subject the Indians to a system yielding slow improvement, possibly, but transformation never? Who are we, then? Men native-born, yet without a native land; men in our homeland without liberty to choose where we may dwell. We see from our reservation confines the mingling hosts of earth building a mighty civilization, but we must live apart and mark time—the political anomaly of American history!

Now, how may *economic* equality and liberty come? The present reservation system must go! The White Man must fix in the Indian's sky the hope of economic emancipation; he must afford him a progressive education, must give him absolute protection against spoliation, drunkenness, and panderism; must reasonably instruct him in the laws of life and health, and help him yet a little longer to beat back untimely death. The Red Man must in turn join hands with his white friend; he must learn the uplift of work, feel the thrill of thrift, experience the joy of development through burden-bearing, and ultimately work out under God his economic freedom.

And how may *social* equality and liberty come? Assure him a humble part, at least, in the national drama of tomorrow! Encourage inter-tribal fellowship! Kindle the vestal flame of education on many another Indian altar! Give him opportunity to make a glorious name!

And how may his *political* equality and liberty be attained? Treat him no longer as a civic infant! Define his legal status! Quicken his sad heart with the hope that sometime down the years he may come to "manhood full-crowned!"

Will the people of America heed his prayer? A ruthless system has brought upon him economic dependence, spoliation, and appalling ruin; deadening if not damning banishment, the blight of enforced ignorance, and the ignominy of a bloody name; and the political status of neither alien, nor exile, nor yet citizen, but an outcast.

He waits in the mute eloquence of his need!

THE NEW INDIAN LEADERSHIP

By JOHN M. OSKISON, (Cherokee)



HEY don't even call it a council any more! Today when you go to talk with the Indians, and listen to what they have to say, you simply attend a "meeting."

First, the old man who bears the now purely honorary title of chief walks solemnly over to speak a few words to some Indian under forty who wears a black suit, more carefully brushed perhaps than those worn by the others.

Standing aside, the chief takes off his hat; all the men crowded around the brush arbor uncover; the women, bareheaded and seated on the ground just outside the arbor, quiet the children; and there follows an impressive pause before the man in the neat, black suit, with eyes closed and face upturned, begins to speak.

"We pray to our Father in Heaven—" The man's English is halting; you realize that you are listening to an alien whose tongue fumbles the language. Yet you are able to sense, in that brief, stiff prayer, a giving up and a reaching forward—the old Indians giving up their ceremonial pipes and their right to speak the first word, and the younger people, equipped with the white man's language and instructed in his ways, reaching forward timidly and awkwardly for the leadership.

The manner of that opening prayer will show you how poorly equipped as yet these younger men are to take the place of the old men as counsellors. Only because the old men know that new leadership must come do they give way. As the meeting goes on, you see the change dramatized.

The old men speak—first of all, one whose face is much wrinkled, whose eyes have retreated to vague slits through which now and then flashes an apparition of command, whose voice is first a mumble and rises later to a quiet eloquence. Your alert, unsmiling interpreter (who was graduated from Carlisle only last year, and who has left his tailor shop for the day to help you out) catches your inquiring eye and leaves his place beside the old man to come and whisper:

"His name is Maricopa Sam." It is an ill-fitting name, lacking proper dignity—you would have preferred to hear the old man's Indian name.

After a minute of talk, the old man turns his face ever so slightly toward the interpreter. That youth, with arms straight down at his sides, his face mask-like, speaks:

"He says he is glad to see you here today; he is glad to shake your hand; he says all of us are glad to see you here today; we are glad to have you see with your own eyes how we are living."

Again the old man takes up the tale, and more than once you catch

from those slits of eyes among the wrinkles a disturbing flash. Then the interpreter:

"He says he can remember when the first white man came into this valley. He can remember the words that first white man spoke. He says that first white man spoke different from the way they speak today. In that day, the white man said all he wanted was a place to rest for a while; the white man said he would go on, after he was rested **on** toward the West, where many other white men had gone ahead. But he did not go on. That time was more than fifty years ago; he says he was a young man then, about as old as I am now."

You had noticed the old man's slight gesture toward the young interpreter, and had wondered what it meant.

For half an hour, the old man goes on, telling over what he has told many times. At the end, he says earnestly:

"We are not satisfied with the way things are going here; we hope you can find a way to help us. For me, it does not matter any more—I am an old man, and I will soon pass away. But for these young people it does matter! I am speaking today for these young people who must go on living with the white men." He steps back.

Even through the colorless rendering of the young interpreter, the old man's words get you by the throat, and you wonder at a power of self-control which permits of quiet talk of the day when he shall have "passed over the border," leaving a great weight of trouble for his people behind.

Other old men speak, in the same strain, but less eloquently and less hopefully.

Toward the end of the day (for there is vast leisureliness, as well as dignity, in the proceedings), the young men are heard; and what a contrast they make with the old fellows!

First among the young men to speak is a "black-coat," who has been persuaded by missionaries to come forward and assert himself in tribal affairs. Looking straight at you, he talks for a little while in halting English; as he pauses, you hear mutterings among the old people who understand no English—those of the twenty-five per cent who know no language but their own—and then, facing away from you, the young "black-coat" speaks to his people. He tells them that he is speaking in favor of immediate allotment of the tribal land; he says that they ought to know their boundaries, so that they can begin at once to build the better houses they all ought to build.

Young "black-coat" is friendly with the Superintendent of the reservation—the same arguments he puts blunderingly before you have been made to you already by the man at the Agency. Some of the Superintendent's very phrases you hear repeated; and in the talk of the young "black-coat" is reflected that white man's impatience of the "conservatism" of the old men.

That night, before they sleep, some of the young men go to the Agency to report to the Superintendent what has been said. Next

day, that official sends a summary to the Indian Office at Washington, with a recommendation that he be given authority to forbid any more meetings of the sort.

He is an honest, vigorous, and conscientious official, this Superintendent. He believes that meetings at which the old men talk over their grievances and recall their old life only serve to delay the carrying out of the Government's wise policy. He thinks of you, who have gone to listen to the talk of the old men, as a meddler. He is frank to tell you that you can't understand the situation on that reservation, and that every bit of encouragement the old people receive makes his own job more difficult.

On every reservation—there are one hundred and sixty-one of them, large and small, in the United States, embracing a total area of over 55,000,000 acres—the Superintendent is supreme. To the Indians, he is the voice of Washington—one who must be obeyed. Through him, meetings of the old people are frowned upon and their traditional spiritual practices discouraged; Indian dances are forbidden; long hair must be cut short; allotment of tribal land to individual Indians is pushed; tribal land is traded to whites for water rights in irrigating ditches; Indian money is used for building irrigating systems, bridges, and roads. It is the Superintendent on the reservation who determines what the ninety million whites want done with the 300,000 Indians.

In every move this conscientious Superintendent makes, he calls upon the younger people of the reservation for support. He gives them arguments and sends them out to do missionary service among the old people. His young men of the Indian Police are more than keepers of order; they are the eyes, and ears, and (so far as they can be used with discretion) the tongue of the Superintendent.

After the Civil War, the Government turned with vigor to the settlement of Indian troubles. As a solution, the reservation was chosen; from all corners of the Western country the Government troops rounded up the Indians and segregated them on tracts of land widely scattered over twenty-five Western and Middle Western States and Territories.

That policy amounted to imprisonment; and as soon as it was settled upon, the old Indian was doomed. More than thirty years of imprisonment have served to destroy his power and influence.

For ten years or more after the Indians were imprisoned in idleness on the reservations, the Government was content merely to feed them and keep them peaceable. Then it was thought desirable to get the children into schools to learn the white's man language and ways. Agents were sent to the reservations to induce the old men and women, who sat idle and hopeless and discontented, to send their children and grandchildren away to the schools. It is wonderful, but true, that these old people consented.

Then the school-trained young men and women—Carlisle school alone has graduated over six hundred, and sent back nearly four thous-

and eight hundred—returned to find in the eyes of the old people a question: What are you going to do to help our people? Fifteen years ago, a man in the Indian service held a council with the Northern Yankton Sioux and the Assiniboinés at Fort Peck; and at that council the old men called upon three young men who had been to Carlisle to speak about the white man's way. One old chief said:

"When I was a young chief, all the young men kept silent, and the old men talked in council; and that was right, for the old men knew what was best, and we did what the old men said. But I have lived to



JOHN M. OSKISON, on a hunting trip in Arizona

see a time when another thing must be done. We old men must be silent, and we must hear the young men speak. For we must all go the white man's way.

"There is no other way now. The buffalo are gone. There is no game. And the old men could not go East—they could not go to school. But our children have gone East, and they know the white man's way. A light comes from the East, and our young men have seen it. We old men must listen to them. We must keep silent and go as the young men tell us—in the white man's way."

That old man was right—leadership in the white man's way was needed, for there were vast estates to administer. Today, after the process of allotment has gone on for twenty years, the Indians own land and property worth nearly a billion dollars.

After the young people began to come back to the reservations from the schools, the Government faced a new problem: How to cure the evils of the reservation system? Drink, disease, and idleness were destroying the Indians faster than the bullets of the soldiers ever destroyed them. It became the new policy of the Government to break up the reservation system. Congress passed an Allotment Act; schools were multiplied on the reservations (there are 114 boarding schools and 223 day schools now); farmers and work-teachers were sent to the Indians; the health of the Indians became a matter of concern; and the fight to keep liquor away from them was pushed with energy.

Quickly the Indians responded. Today, less than 50 per cent are illiterate, and fewer than twenty-five per cent are unable to speak English. Some 200,000 of them are living in permanent homes on their own land; nearly as many are subject to taxation; and 8,700 of them are employed in Government service. Of the ten millions a year spent for the support of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, four million goes to educate the Indian children.

Truly, a new spirit entered the Indian service when it was decided that the reservations must be broken up; and under the new order the Indians themselves were asked to cooperate. But—and this was the tragedy of the change—the old Indians were not asked. It was assumed that they would not be in sympathy with the new programme, and that, even if they were, they could not help effectively in carrying it out. They had been neglected, debauched and broken by the Government—and when the Government got ready to do some of the things these old men had been urging for years, it wasn't thought worth while to ask them to help.

Well, it really wasn't—that was the bitter truth! Self-confidence, the power to command, were gone from most of the old men—the Government had killed it, deliberately. It was a mockery that the chiefs among them were allowed to keep their nominal titles.

What real power, understanding and influence has been wasted! I have before me some notes made among the Blackfeet Indians of Montana fifteen years ago by Dr. Gates, secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners. Among the notes is a description of the meeting of the "court of Indian offenses," where, on that reservation, minor troubles arising among the Indians were threshed out and adjusted by three old men. The case of a man who had quarreled with his wife was before the court, and Dr. Gates wrote:

"Judge 'Shorty' White-Grass presided. The two associate justices were Little Plume (a son of Chief White Calf) and Wolf Tail. Let me give you some notion of the presiding justice: He has an immense head, with strongly marked features; his chest is deep and he

has a voice which would easily fill the chamber of our House of Representatives at its noisiest; he has broad, powerful shoulders, and long arms—sitting, he seems a man of more than six feet, though he measures only four feet, eight. His still-black hair is worn long. He is fond of carrying a green parrot on his left arm (many of the Indians think the parrot whispers wisdom into the old man's ear!) He is a great medicine man among his people, and with old chief White Calf, Lone Plume, Mad Wolf, and other 'conservatives,' he spends his Sundays worshipping and praying to the beaver god."

Behind a table in one of the buildings of the Agency sat those three old men hearing evidence, arbitrating disputes with success (as in the case which Dr. Gates heard), dealing out just punishments, and maintaining the dignity which properly belongs to a court. Yet as they sat there, helping to keep their people in the right path, all three of those old men knew that a word from the white men in charge of the reservation could nullify every act of theirs, could reverse every decision they made.

Now, what about this new generation—the Carlisle-trained, the literate, the "mixed-bloods"? Few of them are yet proved as leaders—and, after all, they are the creations of yesterday. But one need not become pessimistic about the new Indian leadership.

Some of them think straight and talk effectively; they see with clear vision what lies ahead of their people, and they work intelligently to shape the future. In their speech is an acid quality which makes you sit up and grit your teeth—just as the eloquent old fellows wrung your heart with their simple language, their poetry, their moving stories of wrongs patiently endured.

There was an old Apache chief name Victorio, who went on the warpath in 1880 to fight for the homes of his band. With Victorio and his family when that warfare began was a baby boy—carried strapped to a board on his mother's back. He was Natalish, grandson of Victorio. Before his people stopped fighting for the right to live on land they believed had been given them for their own, he was big enough to go a little way out on the battlefield with his uncle (both father and grandfather were killed in the years of warfare) and learn something about how to fight in the old Apache way.

That boy became one of the famous band of prisoner Apaches which was held in Florida and Alabama from 1886 to 1894, and then sent out to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. From the military prison in Florida, Natalish was sent to school at Carlisle; he studied civil engineering; he has held a place in the Bureau of Highways of New York City; and he is now in the employment of the Government making a family census of the Arizona Apaches.

Within the last two years, that young man has demonstrated the possibilities of the new leadership. He and Henry Roe-Cloud, very largely organized and directed the fight made on behalf of that band of prisoner Apaches to be given allotments of land in Oklahoma, where

they might soonest become self-supporting and qualified to stand side by side with the whites as citizens of the State. When you understand that the fight had to be made against the influence in Congress of most of the Oklahoma delegation, backed by thousands of scheming whites who had set out to get the Apaches removed from the State, as well as by the War Department, which wanted for an artillery practice ground the land the prisoner Apaches in Oklahoma occupied you will appreciate the fact that Natalish and his friends were able to force a compromise upon the Government. According to this compromise agreement, instead of the whole band of two hundred seventy prisoner Apaches being removed to the unfertile and mountainous reservation of the Mescalero Apaches in New Mexico, most of them were given the choice of going or staying in Oklahoma.

Natalish and Roe-Cloud wanted them to stay in Oklahoma. They went among them and urged them to resist removal; and it was largely due to their persuasion that seventy-eight (mostly the younger and better educated) decided to remain in Oklahoma.

Such fights to carry out obviously wise policies among the Indians are still ahead—and the need for strong leadership in the tribes is great. Take the case of the Arizona Navahos and Papagos:

We think of the Navahos as a peace-loving and pastoral people, yet for four years (from 1863 to 1867) they were herded at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, as prisoners. A third of their number died in that time, and there were fewer than 8,000 of them when they were sent back to their old land.

After four years of confinement and idleness, they were sent back to the desert and the mountains—and a sheep apiece was given them by the Government. An old Navaho who now owns 1,500 sheep has told about that issue:

"They gave one sheep to me and one sheep to my wife, and they gave a sheep to my little boy." He stopped for a little while, and laughed. "So, we started out and drove our sheep across the desert—three of us, and three sheep. From Fort Defiance way out here beyond the borders of our reservation we drove our three sheep; and that is all the Government has done for us"

Now, the Navahos were used to the desert and the mountains, and when they were sent back there they prospered. From fewer than 8,000 they have increased to more than 30,000—they are now the largest pure-blood tribe in the country. Their reservation embraces over 12 million acres of mountain and desert land; and it is fully stocked with cattle, sheep and horses.

Also, outside the boundaries of the reservation, between 5,000 and 9,000 Navahos are occupying public land. Many of these outside Navahos have been given allotments of public land, but several thousands (no one is sure of the figures) are not yet assured of their title or right to go on occupying Government land outside the reservation; and there is a stiff fight ahead before they will get that assurance. Strong

opposition has been aroused by the cattlemen and sheepmen of Arizona—these white men want the unallotted Navahos driven back on the reservation, though they know that the reservation is not adequate to support their herds and flocks.

In Southern Arizona, 6,000 Papago Indians are supporting themselves on public land outside any reservation, and they are up against practically the same problem.

There is work in Arizona for strong Indian leaders of the new generation; and at a score of other points acute problems are demanding the best cooperative effort of the Government and the educated young men and women of the tribes.

CALIFORNIA INDIANS ARE CITIZENS

A SUIT was recently brought before the Supreme Court of California by Ethan Anderson, an Indian, to determine the status of the Indians of Lake County. The Indian Board of Cooperation backed Mr. Anderson and exhaustive briefs were prepared by Attorney Kasch of Ukiah and Pemberton of San Francisco, who contended that the Indians should have the rights of citizens. The case was covered at every point, going back to the proceedings of the first Constitutional convention of the state and to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, by which it was assured that all the inhabitants of the ceded territory should have the same rights they had under the Mexican government. The courts tried the case by the briefs submitted.

The officials of Lake County had refused the Indians registration on the ground that they were Federal wards and that as such only the Federal Government had jurisdiction, and consequently responsibility over them. This helped the county officials in their endeavor to keep Indian children out of the public schools and it made them deaf to the appeals of the sick and infirm for the charity of public institutions, hospitals and infirmaries. Progressive California had forgotten how she acquired the land that gave her prosperity and this forgetfulness made her ungrateful as well as unmerciful. Fortunately the Indians had friends, and many of them, in California and the brief that they presented was a strong one. The courts have now decreed that the Indians are both "Electors" and "Citizens" and that, therefore, they cannot be denied the rights of schools or county institutions. The decision was rendered by the entire court of seven judges.

THE CARPENTER

Who Had No One To Set Him Straight.

By GRACE COOLIDGE



DANIEL Blind Bull was building a house; one must call it a house because it was nothing else) but had it been any less than it was it would have failed of its intention. Daniel had driven but a little way into the mountains for his logs; he might have gone farther and fared better, but he was not particular. As a builder of houses his imagination ran but a little beyond his skill. So he took what fell readiest to his hands, thereby saving work to both himself and his team.

Having unloaded his logs at the site of his intended dwelling he drove up to the Agency store where he bought nails in two sizes and half a window. Hammer, saw, and spade he borrowed from a more prosperous neighbor. Then he began the work of construction. His hands he guided by his eye, being altogether innocent of the science of measurement. From a dirt floor, slightly levelled, in a form which he believed to be a parallelogram, he began to erect his weak-kneed structure. He carried on the piling up of logs until the walls reached the least possible elevation compatible with safety to heads. Then he quit to raise his roof beams. These he covered with poles, eventually heaping earth to the thickness of nearly a foot upon the whole. In his roof he had left a square hole, faced with an old split five gallon oil can. This was the place through which the stove-pipe would protrude. In the walls likewise he had made two openings, one for his door, the other for the half-window. These he framed in axe-hewn logs. The chinks between the wall logs he stopped with chips and bits of stick, and finally with mud. To apply this last he used, in lieu of a trowel, his spade or a bit of board.

The most difficult feat to accomplish next to the making of the door, itself a triumph of ingenuity, was the fitting of it and of the window into their bossy frames.

At last, however, the thing was done. It had consumed an undue amount of time in the making. The cold weather was already upon us. On all sides I heard talk of this house; from girls coming in to sew on my machine, from mothers seeking advice and medicine for ailing children, from neighbors running in to borrow baking powder or coal oil or to pass on to me some bit of gossip.

"Dan's got his house done."

"So I heard."

"The door's awful crooked."

"So's the window."

"He's banked it up all around but it's cold."

"His wife, she says she goin' to put her tent up 'long side that house an' stay in that, cause that house it ain't only fit to live in in summer, she say."

"But didn't he chink it?"

"Yes, he try to but them holes they so big the mud would'nt stick. It's all awful crooked."

"Why didn't he get somebody to help him?"

"Who could have helped him?"

"Well, the Agency carpenter might have told him some things."

"He did ask him. He asked him to come down." In their eagerness they both spoke at once.

"That's the right thing to have done."

"But he wouldn't come."

"He said nobody never asked him to do that before."

"Was he—was he busy?"

"No-o."

"They're making some repairs on the agent's house, maybe—."

"No, he wasn't doin' nothin'."

"Dan likes to build. He's always wantin' to learn how."

"Simon Little Dog helped him some."

"I expect Simon doesn't know much about carpentry, though."

"He don't but he's willin'?"

"And the Agency carpenter wasn't."

"I guess it was cold for him to drive way down to Dan's place."

"It's only five miles. Wasn't cold for you to drive up here."

They laughed.

Later Dan's wife came. She sat by the stove warming fingers and toes and peering curiously about my room. I saw her eyes travel from window to door, from door to corners.

"Are you living in your new house?"

She snuffed a little contemptuously, settled her fat baby more solidly on her knees.

"No," she said. "It's too cold for the baby. That ain't no house. It's just a shed. We keep the harness and saddles in there, and the plow." She looked at me a little disagreeably. "They don't mind the wind," she said. Then she repented. "But Dan he work hard, only he don't know how, and there's nobody around here to tell him nothin'. Some day I guess we'll be taking them logs down and burn 'em. They'll do for fire-wood anyhow." And she gave a little sigh, straightening up the sagging baby.

HIGHER ACADEMIC TRAINING FOR INDIANS

By FRED BENDER (Chippewa)

Editors Note: This article was written when Fred Bender was a student at Hampton in 1913. In many respects it is a remarkable contribution on Indian education as seen by an Indian student, himself. Mr. Bender pleads for an Indian school of higher learning. His plea has been answered for now at Wichita Kansas there is the Roe Indian Institute, operating in conjunction with Fairmount College. This school was founded by Rev. Henry Roe-Cloud. Mr. Bender is the brother of "Chief" Bender the famous base ball pitcher. His sister is Mrs. Roe-Cloud.



ODAY we are living in a new era. Times have changed since our fathers were in their youth. Today is the period of progress, and we must keep up with the forward movement of events. At the present time we face the problem that will eventually solve the destiny of our race. We cannot afford to be laggards and not be present when every Indian shall have entered the light of higher education.

I believe the Indian ought to have a higher academic training for the following reasons, (1) The study of books and systematic learning teaches us to think, and methodical thinkers are what our race needs. We need men who can understand and see perfectly and clearly the course our race ought to take and the problems it will have to face. (2) Higher academic training gives us a broader view of life. We learn to see all phases and walks of life in a new light and are, therefore, able to select the best. (3) It teaches us to cope successfully with our white brothers on a higher intellectual plane; it gives an "equal footing." (4) It enables us to have a deeper understanding of the meaning of religion.

A large number of Indians are contented to stay on the reservations and not leave, to stay cooped up in their small sphere and not mingle with other people or learn about them. This is an element that has hampered our people from advancing more rapidly. Perhaps it is due to this kind of seclusion alone, that since the first great invasion of this country, the red man has not advanced in civilization as fast as the European. Higher training teaches us the necessity of being interested in the happenings of the day and in our surroundings. The big broad mind today is the man who is up to the minute in an understanding of current happenings. He keeps posted on what the rest of the world is doing because he finds it necessary in his business. He owes this to himself and to the world as an efficient American citizen. The red man cannot afford any longer to remain secluded, hunting and fishing or farming with no thought for the morrow. These pleasures and methods must be given up and new desires should take their places; first a desire to become competent citizens who are producers instead of merely consumers, and

1. This was written before the governmental school schedule was devised.

secondly a desire to be of some considerable influence in the welfare of the world.

The youthful Indian should attempt to get something more than what the common Government schools afford. At present there are far too many who stop going to school when they have earned a diploma from one of these institutions, and they and the race are losers for it. What our people need are leaders, people who can go to the front and show the way; but it is only through years of struggle that we become strong, worthy leaders, capable of going back to our people to help them in living the right life. To do this requires more and better training than what the Indian schools offer and so we must look elsewhere for it.



FRED BENDER, (Chippewa)

It seems foolish to train the red man into a first class tinsmith, and then expect him to go back to his reservations where he will have practically no use for this trade. How can he be of use if he is not prepared along the right intellectual line? If Indians do not see the needs of their people, they should have just that kind of training that would make them see the wants of their race. We know that they are not getting this kind of training in the majority of Indian schools. The Indian youth must be fitted by training for the life he expects to lead in the community where he is to labor.

If the Government institution (with their eight minor grades) are sufficient for the redman, why are not all the schools in this country of like standard? Why are there any colleges and universities at all? Is

the eighth grade alone enough for the Caucasian? If we should try to answer those questions we might begin to realize the necessity of a higher academic institution for the Indian, and wonder why there was not such an educational institute created for the red man long ago in place of a few of the several hundred schools already under the Government rule.

Our people can never be competent if (in the white man's ways) its members are not educated into a broader and higher plane of learning, for such a level must ultimately be the standard.

Of course the Indian schools are doing a certain amount of good by placing within reach the common grammar grades, but that is only the average education of the people of this country, and surely a race of but 300,000 members ought to be able to have a due proportion climb higher than the average.

The Government schools might have been good enough for the needs of the Indian a quarter of a century ago, but they do not answer the purpose or demand today. Strictly speaking they have not been kept up to the progress of the day and the Indian has been the loser thereby. Thirty years ago there were few of the colleges that are now so numerous all over the country. That was just about the period of their formation and construction. It is amazing to see how they have advanced since that time. Can the same be truthfully said of our Indian schools?

The best of the Indian schools, Haskell, Carlisle, Phoenix or Chemawa contain only the eight minor grades with a special industrial course tailed on. The student who finishes the specified course is given a diploma. He is then expected to go out into the world and hold his own. Here he meets disappointments and sometimes he fails, he then turns back to his reservation disgusted with the new ways and resolves to reject it all. Back on the reservation he is among his old environments, and is it any wonder that only too often he succumbs to its evil influences? Is it entirely his fault for not having a stronger foundation? It is because of such instances that we should remember the cause lies further back and that the pupil's character was not moulded firmly enough by the Government's meagre training. So it is that we again see the necessity of a higher training so that the Indian will fully understand and build his own character on a strong foundation.

If we could but see the instances of intense suffering of the reservation red man in his home, the destitute conditions of his community, and his meagre means of support, as the case is on so many of the reservations, we would understand why the Indian ought to be taught the ways of the intelligent business man. If he had such knowledge at his command he would know the land grafter, and he would know the real value of his land. His better training would manifest itself by helping to eliminate a large part of the suffering from the community.

It has been quite truthfully said that a man can work best with his own people because he understands them better. But how comparatively small is the number of Indians who are efficiently fitted to go back

into the Government Service as instructors and teachers. For this reason we have to look to another race for our training,—a race whose members for the greater part do not understand us. Consequently there is not as much harmony and the result is not as great. Of course there are many who are really interested in our people, and one cannot help but appreciate the noble work of those few conscientious men and women who are doing so much good; but the sooner we produce strong intelligent red men to teach red men the quicker will real results begin to manifest themselves.

The trouble with the students is that they are not taught how to go back to their own people as helpers,—when they have their schooling. If they had been taught by people of their own race they would undoubtedly have been taught the vital needs of their own people and the way to bring about a remedy for them. We can have no such instructors until we get the Indian into higher schools of learning, where he can learn to be an instructor and a teacher, where he will be able to do the necessary work required and do it satisfactorily.

How many people were there who really thought General Pratt would succeed with a non-reservation school, as he eventually did? Undoubtedly the number was small. How many are there now that believe the Indian ought to have a segregated school with a ranking equal to the American college? Very few. Some even try to stop such a plan in its infancy, but surely such people know not what they do. They are not conscious of the injury they are doing to the future of the Indian race. Every unprejudiced, fair minded man must surely see that such an institution would only benefit the race, and not injure it, that therein lies the key to the solution of one great phase of the Indian problem, and that it is a necessity we and the nation can no longer do without.

When such a school shall have been established then will God's Kingdom begin to make itself felt throughout all the Indian lands of this country. Then will every ambitious aborigine truly have a higher academic training. With this hope ever in mind and heart let us work and pray for the best.

INDIANS MAY INVEST IN THE LIBERTY LOAN

IT IS morally certain that many citizen Indians have subscribed heavily to the Liberty Loan. There are many Indians, however, who as much as they would like to buy bonds, cannot do so when their funds are tied up, without interest, in the United States Treasury. To remedy this situation on June 11th Senator Ashurst introduced a resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to invest for the benefit of the Indians trust funds of the Indians that were drawing less than three and one-half per cent. The resolution was also urged by Senator Curtis who presented a memorandum showing that the Indians had millions that might be invested in the Liberty Loan. The resolution passed. Perhaps \$100,000 will be available.

FROM THE PUEBLOS OF THE TEWA

THE Pueblo Indians are in no uncertain sense a unique people. No culture in all the world is similar to that of these "people of the terraced houses." Sober, thrifty and hospitable, they have the admiration of a host of friends of other races. From among these people of many ceremonies and of such mystery has come one to whom we now introduce to our readers—Albino Chavarria.



In the personality of Albino Chavarria of Denver we have the ideal Pueblo nobleman—the type of manhood that made men exclaim in admiration, "The noble Red Man!" A true American by blood and by instinct, he speaks best the language of the Tewa and also Spanish, but to master English perfectly he is studying in a Denver school. He has a consuming desire to enter more actively into business among English speaking Americans in order that he may become what every American should be—an efficient producer. We shall await with interest the response that America gives this man who has struggled for American opportunity.

AN OJIBWAY INDIAN WHO IS A PRIEST

IT is not strange, after all, that after many years the Land of the Ojibways, in which Father Marquette labored so long and faithfully, should produce a native priest of brilliant attainments. A graduate of a divinity school he is also a graduate of several European Catholic institutions.



Rev. Philip B. Gordon, this priest, is an energetic young man and he works with great zeal for his church and his people. He has been honored by the Society of American Indians with the office of Chairman of the Advisory Board. At present he is located at White Earth, Minnesota. He is the first Indian priest of the Roman Catholic Church who has been ordained in America.

ABSORBING THE INDIAN¹

By M. B. HANNAH



THE coming of members of the several races to make homes in the United States has caused our leaders to develop a national policy of assimilation. In each of our large cities are schools for the purpose of teaching the foreigner our language, our civics, and something of our customs. Various organizations interest themselves in the homes and lives of the new comers. While the Government has not taken the active lead in the Americanization of the immigrant, it has encouraged municipalities to do so. Our statesmen talk much of all who are here becoming one people. Thus, it is in keeping with this movement that the National Government should be converting the Indian into a citizen of the United States. This is the aim upon which the entire policy of the Indian Bureau is based. When this aim shall have been accomplished most of our people will feel that the Government's responsibility for the Indian will have ended.

One thing more the Bureau considers its duty to the red man; viz., that with citizenship he shall receive intact the property the Government has finally allowed him. Consequently, about his property rights many safe-guards are thrown. In this respect the movement to assimilate the Indian is distinctive from that to assimilate the foreigner.

Health instruction is given so that this noble race shall not perish from the earth because of its changed living conditions. "Save the babies" is the new Commissioner's slogan in the hope that the Indian may no longer be a "vanishing people." Strictly have the courts interpreted the liquor laws with the view of removing from the red men the curse of drink. Schools, well-equipped and surrounded by commodious dormitories, are numerous and give ample training in the world's work. These are the features of the absorption policy

A Policy of Administration

The Indian question today is believed to be nothing more than a matter of administration. The writer believes that in one great essential even the Government's policy must be changed. This will be pointed out in its proper place. Many defects in the administration of Indian affairs are apparent to all; experiments are still being tried; and mistakes are made in considerable numbers.

The safe-guarding of the Indian's property presents great difficulties. The Government seems to desire to relieve itself of the care of the Indian

¹ The concluding portion of an essay on the Indian Policy, submitted in competition for the Bonnehim Prize at Leland Stanford University, June 12, 1917.

property as soon as possible. Some of these people are ready to take charge of their land, but many more are far from prepared. That appalling graft is being carried among the Indians by unscrupulous whites is clearly shown by the address of Hon. George Vaux, Jr., before the Lake Mohonk Conference, October 23, 1912¹, where he told of various impositions practiced upon the Five Civilized Tribes. As to the same wrongs, Hon. Warren K. Moorehead, said:

"I have here a mass of evidence from Oklahoma and I shall be glad to show it to any of you here at Mohonk. Time does not permit more than to say that boys and girls owning valuable allotments were taken to distant cities, Marcus Covoy to Southampton, England, and several to Mexico City, in order that white men might obtain their lands. . . . There are now 15,596 cases of fraud or cases needing protection before the courts in eleven counties."²

Another authority has pointed out the unreadiness of these same Indians as a whole to take over their lands. He says:

"That full-blood Indians of the Five Tribes are, as a class, incompetent must be assumed not only from the legislation of Congress with respect to them but from the finding of the Court of Claims, where in the case of *Brown & Gritts v. United States* (44 C. Cls. 283), it was expressly found that full-blood Cherokees, whose right to alienate their lands was forbidden by the legislation contemporaneous with that involved in the case at bar, were, as a class, unable to speak the English language and incompetent to guard their interests from designing persons who were constantly attempting to induce them to part with their property at grossly inadequate compensation (221 U. S. 286-297)."³

And as to the manner in which this situation must be dealt with another authority holds:

"The condition of Indian property and the complex situation that has arisen from inheritance cases and the presence of a large number of incompetent Indians makes it of utmost importance that the administration of their affairs be retained in the hands of the Federal Government. There is precedent enough to show the danger of state control in Indian matters, where these matters are not properly adjusted and where the mass of Indians are by reason of ignorance or disability unable to protect themselves."⁴

The White Earth incident is another case in point. In 1907 the Clapp Act threw open the doors of the White Earth reservation to hundreds of unscrupulous land sharks, timber men and others. Mushroom banks sprang up in frontier towns about the reservation, and in the course of a few months about half the Indians had lost their property. Mr. Moorehead went to the reservation in 1909 and says:

"When I reached White Earth I found the Indians in a deplorable state physically, financially and otherwise. Years ago they were happy and prosperous, cultivated the soil, fished and hunted. . . .

1. See Rep. of this Conference, 1912-1915, pp. 29-42.

2. Ditto, p. 58.

3. Gabe E. Parker, letter to Congress, Mar. 22, 1916.

4. Arthur C. Parker, letter to Congress, Mar. 22, 1916.

"Following the allotting there was dreadful debauchery. . . . At Ogema, five miles from White Earth Agency, the saloon keeper was seen passing liquor in a bucket, offering Indians whiskey by the dipperful. The Indians were safe neither by day nor night. . . ."

"Witnesses testified that when the dealing in Indian lands was at its height, carloads of worthless horses were imported from South Dakota; cheap pianos, old buggies and worthless graphaphones and other useless articles were traded the Indians at exorbitant prices."¹

Mr. Moorehead points out the weakness of the Government in safeguarding Indian property when he says:

"We have given the Indian land and some education. We have broken up his communal life, and we have set him down individually on small tracts. We have left him there without that protection to health and property which our own children and ourselves enjoy."²

During the present year Secretary of the Interior Lane said:

"Even today with the utmost care and integrity exercised from Washington, the remnant of Indians left in this country are still victimized, their ignorance and credulity are capitalized, and the intelligent supervision they have a right to expect from this Government is far from being accorded them."

The only solution for this difficulty seems to be eternal vigilance on the part of the Government. As to the Indians' lands, Mr. Moffett states the judgment of the leading thinkers as to what must be done.

"The consensus of opinion among the friends of the Indian today favors the continued restrictions upon Indian allotments in the majority of cases in order to protect the ignorant and the improvident from the unscrupulous grafter and white settler. The releasing of restrictions against the sale of the allotments should be in individual cases where intelligence and business judgment enable the allottee to make wise disposition of his land, or where another location is secured from the proceeds of the sale of an allotment on which the Indian and his family are not able to live. Titles should be perfected as rapidly as possible, the present system of their lands simplified, and minor children inheriting a patrimony should be protected against fraud and theft to the limit of federal powers."³

In keeping liquor from the Indians the Government may be said to be fairly successful. There are instances of drunkenness among the tribes, but for the greater part the weakness is under control. The Indian's appetite for "fire-water" is an over-whelming one, and for generations it will be necessary to protect him from it. During times of allotments special protection must be given; and watchfulness must be maintained at all times that the unscrupulous white does not attempt to intoxicate his victim in order to make him more amenable to his machinations.

1. Rep. Lake Mohonk Conference, 1912-1915, pp. 53, 56.

2. *Ibid.* 57.

3. Moffett, *The American Indian on the New Trail*, p. 47.

The Problem of Health Conservation

Probably several years shall have gone by before the Indian shall have learned to care for his health under the conditions of modern civilization. Even in the best of surroundings and under the best influences he must be guarded in this particular. The Government is making every effort possible to teach the Indian to care for himself, and to prevent the spread of disease among the tribes. The greatest difficulty of the task lies in securing a sufficient number of physicians and nurses. The situation is fairly well summarized by Mr. Vaux.

"Health and sanitary conditions are capable of being greatly improved, and this can be accomplished only by an increase of the medical staff. It was pathetic to see middle aged men and women approaching blindness from the ravages of trachoma, and to feel that the services of a comparatively small number of trained men would restore their sight and enable them to become self-supporting. I cannot too strongly urge the importance of this phase of the work for the Indians. Tuberculosis also is rife, as elsewhere. It is not easy to enforce sanitary measures in enlightened communities. Here the difficulties are enormously increased. Whiskey and gambling have their full share of responsibility also."¹

Hospitals and sanitariums are being established on the reservations and at the schools wherever it is possible to do so. Instruction in health is given much attention in the schoolroom, and among the educated Indians are many competent nurses. The present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. Cato Sells, is devoting much of his thought to the problem of the Indian's health. He has said:

"It is our chief duty to protect the Indian's health, and to save him from premature death. Before we educate him, before we conserve his property, we should save his life. If he is to be perpetuated, we must care for the children. We must stop the tendency of the Indian to diminish in number, and restore a condition that will insure his increase. . . . It is of first importance that we begin by re-establishing the health and constitution of Indian children. Education and protection of property are highly important, but everything is secondary to the basic condition which makes for the perpetuation of the race."²

What the Indian is to become depends almost wholly upon the training he is to receive in the Government schools. Our public schools are not suitable for the Indian as he is today. As to this a quotation from Mr. F. H. Abbott is *appropos*:

"The ultimate and desirable goal is the public school for all Indian children, and the final elimination of Indian schools. It must be kept in mind, however, that the correct test of desirability of substituting the public schools for Indian schools is not the question of the correctness of the theory, but the condition of the Indian child in the individual

1. Rep. of Lake Mohonk Conference, 1912-1915, p. 40.

2. The Indian Journal, Oct. 1915, p. 64.

Indian home. The public school should be sought when, and only when, it presents facilities equal or nearly equal to those offered in the Indian school. The Indian child, coming from a home where there is no industry, and no means of training in industry, should not be taken from the Indian school offering industrial training and placed in a public school lacking means for such training. . . . It must be remembered that proper advancement of Indian pupils in the public schools cannot be secured without absolute fairness on the part of school teacher, and lack of discrimination on the part of school authorities, who are too often influenced by the fact that Indian lands are not taxed to support the public schools."¹

The Reaction of the School Upon the Adult

On the other hand the Indian school should reach more than the child; it should also touch the life of the adult Indian, just as the white rural school is made today have an influence upon the older folks in the community. Toward this end, the day school seems to work best.

"To plant our schools among the Indians means to bring the older members of the race within the sphere of influence of which every school is a centre. This certainly must be the basis of any practical effort to uplift a whole people."²

A story of a Hopi mother illustrates the point pretty well. For a few days one spring three of us stayed in the house of a Hopi Indian in Arizona. The Hopi woman cooked for us, put up our meals in good shape, and cared for our room creditably. So far as we could see, it was all done as well as a white woman would have done under similar conditions. Much that this Indian woman knew she had learned from her two young daughters, who were attending the Government day school in the village.

The Indian boarding school is subject to many criticisms. To the writer's mind, it is the weak spot in the present policy. In the first place the wrong attitude is taken in order to get the children in the school. The Indian is made to feel that he is bestowing a weighty favor upon the Government by permitting his children to attend the school. One morning last summer the writer was sitting in the office of one of these schools. A strong and upright type of Indian man came in and told the Superintendent that he wished to take his daughter home, several miles away, for a few days. The Superintendent refused the request. The Indian then told him he would take the girl anyway. Some rather warm words passed. The father finally ended the conversation by saying: "You have got to treat the Indian right if you want his children to come to your school. If you will be good our children will come, and you will have somebody here all the time." His whole attitude was of one having bestowed a special favor by permitting his child to attend the school.

1. Rep. of Lake Mohonk Conference, 1912-1915, p. 44.
2. Leupp, *The Indian and His Problem*, p. 135.

Defects of the Indian School System

Another weakness of the school is the system of bells and bugles which regulate every act of the pupil's life from the time of the rising bell in the morning till the bugle taps at night. To see children and youths drilled into perfect automatons may be pleasing to the school visitor, but its preparation for the life the Indian has to live is at least doubtful. Let former Commissioner Leupp speak as to these two phases of the subject:

"Life there (in the boarding school) acquires a more constrained and dependent character than life outside; its very regularity saps the initiative of the young person subjected to it, and is liable to leave him impotent in the presence of any emergency arising later in his career, which cannot be met by obedience to a bugle-call or the tap of a bell. On the parents the influence of the Government's educational bounty has been nothing short of deplorable. The free gift to the Indian race of educational facilities which other races prize so much as to be ready to pay well for them, might perhaps pass muster in view of the unique status of our aborigines in so many particulars. . . . When the Government, after offering all this (board, lodging, clothing, medical attendance and amusements during all the time they can be induced to stay in school), hunts up the parents and begs for the children as a favor, the blunder is complete, and another road to pauperism is opened before a once proud race."¹

A further criticism is that the vast majority of these schools are not preparing the Indian boy and girl for the life he must live. These young people must either go back to their people or become the common worker among the whites. While the boarding school is teaching them the industries, it is giving them instruction to handle tools and machinery which they will probably never have an opportunity to handle in the outside world. We do not find model dairies, self-working machinery, and blooded stock on the general run of farms nor on the reservations. The Indian maid of work will seldom have provided dishwashers, potato-peelers, and vacuum sweepers in the homes where she may work. Nor will either red or white men open wide the door for the Indian doctor, lawyer, or skilled worker. Neither has sufficient confidence in him. Furthermore the school tends to make the youth hate the conditions in which he has known; to become estranged from his people; and cause him to aspire for what he may not have among the whites. Again let us listen to Mr. Leupp:

"An objection to all Indian boarding-schools, whether on or off a reservation, is that a pupil grows up amid surroundings which he will never see duplicated in his own home. Steam heating, electric lighting, mechanical apparatus for doing everything—these cultivate in him a contempt for the primitive contrivances which must make up his environment as a poor settler in a frontier country. His notions of the

1. Leupp, *The Indian and his Problem*, pp. 32-33.

relations of things are distorted; for his mind is not developed enough to sift and assort his observations and distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, between the comforts which are within his reach and the luxuries which are beyond his legitimate aspiration."¹

"Suppose, instead of having her girls continually under her eye, and picking up through them her scraps of knowledge of a cleaner, more orderly, and vastly more healthful mode of housekeeping than that which had been handed down to her, she had seen them sent away to a distant boarding-school, to be absolutely separated from her for five years, to be taught to look upon their home as an odious place and upon their parents as degraded and unworthy of their respect, and to be returned at last aliens in speech, in dress, in manners, and alas! probably in affections?"²

Mr. Leupp's idea as to what these schools should do appeals as being more practicable than that of any other writer. He says:

"In dealing with these boys and girls it is of the utmost importance not only that we shall start them right but that our efforts be directed to educating rather than merely instructing them. Of the 30,000 or 40,000 Indian children of school age in the United States probably at least three fourths will settle down in that part of the west which we still style the frontier. Most of these will try to draw a living out of the soil; less—part will enter the general labor market as lumbermen, ditchers, miners, railroad hands or what not. . . .

"Individualize and specialize: there is your fundamental motto. If a boy is to be a farmer, train him in those things which are absolutely essential to the equipment of a farmer at the outset, and then put him at farming as a hired laborer. His work under such conditions will teach him what life really means, as well as how to reduce his theory to practice. If he is to be a mechanic, train his fingers at school, and then send him into an outside shop to get his bearings in his trade. What he needs is practical rather than showy instruction; for the gospel of Indian salvation, if I read it aright, puts industry at the top of the list of human virtues."³

The boarding school may be censured, too, for the effect it has upon the pupil's health for the change from the open air to the classroom and dormitory often results in undermining his constitution. This phase, this paper will pass over for another more important.

The School Prepares for Citizenship

The aim of the Government school is to prepare the Indian for citizenship, in other words, to make him ready for assimilation. In a general way the school system is pretty well adapted for this purpose. But it is modelled for the Caucasian and not the Indian mind; its attempt seems to be that of making the red child into a white child. The equipment of the school-room is very similar to that of our public schools. The same

1. *Ibid.*, p. 241.

2. Leupp, *The Indian and his Problem*, p. 134.

3. *Ibid.*, pp. 46, 121.

textbooks are used and the same methods of instruction are employed. The text in history tells of the wonderful things done by the white man, but nothing of the accomplishment of the Indian; the text in geography deals with the industry of the European, the Asiatic, the African, the transplanted races in the new world, but scarcely mentions that of the original American. Our songs and our poetry are taught to them, but no attempt is made to give anything of what their own people may have sung. Hanging on the walls are pictures of Webster, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Wilson, Whittier and Longfellow, but not one portrait of an Indian leader or an Indian patriot. This means two things; viz.: we are trying to make the red man a white man, and we are making him feel it is a disgrace to be an Indian. First, we subdued him; then we took all the spirit of initiative from him by the feeding and clothing system; and now we are robbing him of every iota of self-respect, for in the boarding-school we show him we believe he is incompetent in the daily acts of living, and that we judge it proper that he must cease to be an Indian just as soon as he can. This is the writer's indictment against the Government's present policy. Supervisor of Indian Schools H. B. Peairs may have had this charge in mind when he said before the Lake Mohonk Conference October, 1915:

"Probably the weakest point in Indian character is the lack of initiative and an unwillingness to assume responsibility. I do not believe this is a native weakness but rather that it has developed as a result of enforced dependent living, nevertheless it is a present weakness and unfortunately the organization of the Government schools has tended to continue the weakness rather than to overcome it."

For any race to perform its God-given task, to contribute to the sum-total of human attainment, and to reach its highest point of development, that race must be left to work out its problems independently according to its own racial construction and according to its own way of accomplishment. Booker T. Washington discovered this truth for the negro, and when that people shall come to be proud of being black, we may hope for a great good from them, but not till then. No subdued race has ever given to the world, while it was in a state of subjection, anything which has advanced the cause of civilization. *It is only while a nation is free and proud and conscious of its power that it does a great work in the world.* So must the Indian be untrammelled in his endeavor, filled with racial pride, confident of his power, having his own customs and manners, his own traditions and history, and a knowledge that he is a nation separate and distinct from all other nations.

Government Schools Need Changes in Policy

To accomplish this the Government schools for the Indian must change face completely. The history taught must be Indian history; geography must be Indian geography; music, poetry and art must be Indian music, poetry and art; industry and trades must be Indian in-

dustry and trades. On the walls must hang portraits of Indian chiefs, orators, signers, medicine-men and patriots. The burden of their conduct must be thrown upon the Indian themselves; they must be left as much as possible to solve their problems. In a word they must be taught to be Indians and to be proud that they are Indians. Then will they be self-reliant, self-conscious, a helpful people; then will they return to the noble race that they were before the white man contaminated them with his evil ways; then we may hope to see them progress; and then only will they take their rightful place in the great body which is moving ever and ever forward to a higher plane of human perfection. Prepare him for citizenship, let him take his place in the great American people, but let him take his place as an Indian with all his Indian traits and his Indian nature trained and developed to its fullness. I believe these words of Mr. Leupp indeed words of wisdom:

"Nature has drawn her lines of race, which it is folly for us to try to obliterate along with the artificial barriers we throw down in the cause of civil equality. The man whom she has made an Indian, let us try to make a better Indian, instead of struggling vainly to convert him into a Caucasian. Every attempt made by the Government, the politicians, or short-sighted educators, to blot out a distinction stamped upon him by a hand more powerful than ours, has accomplished nothing beyond making a strong man a hopeless and pathetic nondescript."¹

Let us go on with our care of the Indian, our watchfulness of their interests, our training them for useful lives and with a preparation for the new life they are to take among the great body of our nation; but let us not rob them of everything good and noble their nature contains. I want to hear every Indian say, as one Indian school boy wrote, and our problem is to enable them to say it:

"There is no race nor people who have not something of which they may be proud. I am proud of my ancestors because they so nobly fought for what they thought to be right. Because they never broke a treaty which they made with the early settlers of this country, but always left that for the white people to do. Because when an Indian once pledges his word he will stand by it; no matter what comes he is true to his promise. Because Indians could never be reduced to slavery, but would rather die than give up their freedom. Because they could endure great privations, hardships, and tortures without complaining. Because the Indian is generous and hospitable, and can attend to his own business and let other people's alone. Because of the beautiful original work which they are able to turn out with rude tools, such as blankets, pottery, baskets, and bead work. Because the Indian language has no swear words in it, and if any Indian swears, he has to do so in the language of civilization."²

1. Leupp, *The Indian and his Problem*, p. 53.

2. From a composition by a Hampton student.

Despite the hope the writer may have for the Indian's remaining an Indian, the opinion prevails among the body of thinkers and writers who deal with the Indian question that he will soon lose his identity in the white race. He who uses the light of the past and observes the trend of the present must accord in this view, and perhaps when another century shall have passed the red race will have taken its place among the races who are extinct. At least, we may anticipate this as the situation to apply so far as the United States is concerned.

"The intermingling of the white and Indian races in social, political, and commercial relations in the United States will bring about to a considerable extent an amalgamation in the course of years like that now seen in portions of Oklahoma, particularly among the Five Civilized Tribes. The mixed breeds, in whom the strains of blood of the two races have mingled, are generally a superior type, with the better traits of both races accentuated."¹

"He is losing his identity hour by hour, competing with whites in the labor market, mingling with white children, intermarrying with whites and rearing an offspring which combines the traits of both lines of ancestry. In the light of his new day which is now so near its noon he need not be an inspired seer to discern the approaching end of his pure aboriginal type and the upgrowth of another which will claim the name "American" by a double title as solid as the hills on his horizon."²

1. Muffett, *The Indian on the Trail*, p. 274.

2. Leupp, *The Indian and his Problem*, p. 360.

THE SEMINOLES WILL HAVE LANDS

IN THE last number of the Magazine we registered an appeal for the Seminoles. It was to back up a long and heroic fight of the friends of the Florida Indians, headed by Mrs. Minnie Moore Willson. The Seminoles were getting in desperate straits, and, acre by acre they had been forced back in the glades, a people without legal status and, therefore, without rights bound to be respected. But at last the victory has been won. Florida awakened to the appeal of the friends of the Indians and its legislature again passed its bill setting aside 100,000 acres of land for the Seminoles. This time sentiment was awakened to the point where the Governor saw the fitness of signing the bill.

The chief factors in the successful passage of this bill which had the backing of the Indian Rights Association and the Society of American Indians, have been the consistent work during a long period of years of Mrs. Willson and recently the efforts of Capt. L. A. Spencer, special Commissioner to the Seminoles. Now that the Seminoles have land that they can actually call their own and from which they cannot be evicted at the brutal whim of heartless citizens, it will be possible to establish schools and industrial stations where agriculture and stock raising may be taught and encouraged. The honest Seminoles will make good citizens and staunch patriots.

THE RED HORSE FAMILY

By BERTHA CROUCH BAKER

ELIZABETH ran as fast as she could down the winding trail that led from the Red Horse ranch to her own home. The sun shone hot, and even in the depth of the forest, the air was sultry. On a little knoll, where a tiny threadlike path diverged from the old Indian trail, she paused for breath, and fanned herself with her hat. As she stood panting and listening to the forest sounds of high noon, a long clear call of a woman's voice sounded from down the pathway. Elizabeth's cheeks flushed with the heat of the day, grew pinker still. She bit her lips. "What will mother say, if she guesses where I have been?" she whispered to herself. Then she lifted her head proudly, and the pretty lips straightened themselves. "I expect she will punish me, but I don't care, I had a good time." She pursed her mouth, and answered the call with a sharp shrill whistle, and sped down the path. A quick dash brought her to another little knoll, from where her own home was visible, a quaint little cabin, with a tiny flower garden at one side of it. While ivy softened the outline of the rough logs. Elizabeth ran down the path, gained the door, paused at the threshold, then sprang towards the tall, sunburned man who was washing his face and hands in a basin, in one corner of the kitchen.

"Hello, Betty, where have you been?" said the tall man, returning the bearlike hug Elizabeth had given him. Now that was exactly the question that Elizabeth had hoped he would not ask. Yet she knew that he always did ask it, and in her heart had known that she must expect it. Indeed, she had her course of action mapped out; so, she airily disregarded the question, danced expectantly over to the dinner table, pretending to be very much interested in the dinner her mother was dishing up. She exclaimed over the flaky biscuits, the baked beans, and declared herself as nearly starved. No doubt the fact that she had not answered his question would have escaped her father's notice, but her mother was more observing.

"You did not answer your father, little daughter."

Elizabeth's face flushed, but the delicate nostrils curved proudly and resolutely; she lifted her eyes straight to her mother's face, as she answered clearly, "I have been over to visit the Red Horse family."

Elizabeth's mother gasped, and her father turned from his own reflection in the mirror, comb in hand, and arm uplifted, to gaze in surprise at Elizabeth. He stared for a moment, and then slowly turned back to the mirror.

The young wife turned to him bitterly, "You see!" Her eyes met her husband's eyes as he turned toward her, and so they stood for a moment, with Elizabeth watching breathlessly. Then he laid down the comb and held out his arms, and the woman ran into them. Elizabeth

breathed more freely; the worst was over, it always was when her father took her mother in his arms and petted and kissed her. Elizabeth did not quite understand these scenes, but they were enacted frequently, and she knew that they had something to do with the time that her father had been very, very sick, when she herself was little more than a baby, and they had had to come here to the mountains that he might get well and strong. It was for her father's sake, her mother had told her, that they stayed here, instead of going back to the old home where Elizabeth was born, and where "nice people lived." And Elizabeth had also heard her mother say that she knew that sometime she would die of loneliness. Now and then Elizabeth herself felt very lonely, as she had no playmates, and her mother was too busy to play with her. Several times Elizabeth had coaxed to be allowed to visit some of their Indian neighbors, especially the Red Horse family, but her mother had shuddered, and would not consider the thing at all, and strictly forbade Elizabeth's venturing near them. Farther up the river lived some white settlers, but they, too, were rough people, declared Elizabeth's mother, and it was a very long walk to where they lived, besides. So the little family had lived on alone, and not very happily, either.

Elizabeth climbed into her chair, and waited patiently until her father and mother withdrew themselves from each other's arms, and turned to the table, her mother very penitent, and her father very grave. The meal progressed in silence, until Elizabeth, whose emotions had all been of a defiant nature, announced, "The Red Horses asked me to stay and eat dinner with them, and I wanted to ever so much. They laugh and talk there; I wish I lived with the Red Horse people." The young husband eyed his wife anxiously; then, not wishing to allow the burden of changing the subject to fall on his wife, and not feeling that any special reproof was due the child, hoped to tide over the situation by asking gayly, "What were they going to have, stewed dog?"

"Stewed dog! No indeed. They had a dinner that looked just as good as ours. She can make better apple pie than yours, mother, for she gave me a taste. The table cloth on their table is cleaner than ours, too. They have one little girl, and she can talk like we talk, and she can talk the way Indians talk, so I guess she is smarter than I am. She knows a lot of new games that I never heard of before, and her mother can tell fine stories; she said for me to come over some rainy day, when she couldn't work in the garden, and she would tell us a lot of stories, and I am going, too. That little girl's mother has the sweetest voice, and the little girl has the biggest, brownest eyes, and she said her mother had been to a fine, big school in the east, and that her mother was awful smart. I guess there are nice people everywhere, if we only look for them."

It was a long speech, and a jumbled one; Elizabeth was quite out of breath by the time she had raced through it. She looked first at her mother, and then at her father, expecting that they would be horrified at this outburst, but she found that they were looking, not at her, but at

one another. Her father's eyes seemed to be saying, "Please," to her mother, and her mother's eyes were answering, "I will try." Elizabeth helped herself to a second piece of pie, and no one noticed it at all. With her mouth more than conveniently full of the pie, she perversely continued the conversation.

"That little girl's name is Hilda Red Horse." There was a silence. The mother could not, and the father would not, ask any questions. "Mrs. Red Horse asked me if we had books, and I told her we had."

Another silence.

"I asked her to come and see our books." Elizabeth's mother shivered and closed her lips tightly. "But she said, no, that if you wished to know her and have her come to see you, that you would first visit her."

"It is time for your nap, Elizabeth."

"All right, mother."

That was all that was said that day, but Elizabeth was satisfied, since she had not been forbidden to visit their neighbors, and she went to sleep with a smile on her lips.

The next morning, after breakfast, when she took her hat off its hook, her mother cautioned her not to go to see the Red Horse people, as she thought it would be nice for them both to go and call on their neighbors that afternoon.

Elizabeth stood quite still for a moment, and then flew to her mother and threw both arms around her neck. "My dear, sweet mother."

Her mother smiled sadly. "Perhaps, dear, it is as you say, 'there are nice people everywhere.' Anyhow, since you like them so well, I should like to know them, too."

Elizabeth hung up her bonnet, and announced that if they were going to have such a good time together that afternoon, she was going to stay at home and help with the work.

"But you don't know how to do mother's work," said her mother, tenderly.

"Why don't I know how to work, and to do some of the things you have to do every day. Hilda does. She can fry potatoes, wash dishes, peel apples, and do a lot of things like that. But then I can do more than you think for, because Mrs. Red Horse showed me how to do several things while I was there yesterday."

Her mother's face grew rosy red, and a little thoughtful frown wrinkled her forehead. Elizabeth ran to her mother and kissed her softly. "I have made you sorry about something."

Her mother smiled and said, "No, dear, you have just made me thoughtful about something. Perhaps you can help me more than I think for. And while we are doing up the work, you may tell me all about your visit to our neighbors, and then I will feel as though I knew them, too."

"Goody, mother, that is just what I wanted to do, although there isn't so very much to tell. It seemed just like Hilda's mother was a little girl with us, and that she didn't have any big things to worry about; and Hilda laughed when her mother dropped a pie upside down on the floor, and I laughed too, and so did Hilda's mother, and Hilda said, 'Why, I am surprised at you, Lizette, hurry and pick up that pie.' Then they both laughed, and so did I, though I don't know what was so funny about dropping a pie. Hilda was peeling apples when I knocked at the door, and when her mother turned and saw me, she said, just as sweet, 'How-do-you-do, little neighbor. Come in. We welcome you.' I went in, and I said, 'How do you know that I am a neighbor?' Hilda and her mother looked at one another, and they both laughed, and her mother said, 'Oh, Hilda and I sometimes go up the mountain back of your house. I go there to look down at your garden. I think to myself that



"I go there to look down at your garden."

maybe I get some good ideas from your garden. I did get some good ideas too. I think it was not wrong to look down into your neighbor's garden, and learn to plant one's own garden more wisely.' She has such pretty ways of saying things, mother, I love to hear her talk.

"She showed me around her garden while I was there, and it is just as pretty as ours. She has a little walnut tree growing there. She brought the nut from away back east. She has tea roses, too, just like the kind that you said you were going to plant next year.

"Their house is just as neat and clean as can be. Hilda's father made all their furniture, and they have a pretty fire-place. Hilda says they have lots of fun in the winter-time, for in the evenings they sit before the fire-place and roast apples and tell stories. Hilda's mother is pretty, too. Won't you wear your blue dress, mother?"

"Just you wait until your mother is dressed for this call. I can't allow Hilda's mother to look the prettiest."

Elizabeth danced about the room with joy, and then danced straight into her mother's arms. There was a long hug and a kiss, and then they

set about finishing their work with light hearts. Elizabeth was bobbing around everywhere, trying to help, and getting very much in the way. Her mother was very patient, and showed her how to do some of the many little things that a small daughter can do about the house.

Elizabeth's father found a "happy pair of girls," as he called them when he came home to dinner, and in a few moments he, too, had entered into the excitement of the visit to be made that afternoon, and Elizabeth had to tell all over again the happenings of her visit the day before.

"Well, you two had better stay there until I come for you on my way home this evening. I know where Red Horse is working in the woods; he is felling some trees over south of here, and I will walk back with him. I know him in a way, but if that's the kind of a wife he has, he must be a nice sort of a fellow. This is a grand and wonderful country, and I don't doubt there are wonderful people here, but not, perhaps," with a warning glance at his wife, "just like the folks back home. You must not expect too much, my dear."



The Indian Farm verdant with its wealth of food. "Their house is just as neat and clean as can be."

His wife wrinkled her nose at him, and answered saucily, "I am not looking for Easterners, sir, I am going to call on my Western neighbors, and you can't dampen my ardor." Then Elizabeth saw the sudden dew that so often arose in her mother's eyes, and made them shine like stars. Elizabeth skipped away to her little room, and climbed up on to her bed. She could look out through the open window to where, beyond a clump of spruce, a thin strand of smoke rose from the Red Horse ranch, and she threw kiss after kiss to the little girl living there. The odor of the petunias came thickly in to her; some climbing nasturtiums peered inquiringly and pertly in at the window. The broad leaves of a patch of sweet corn rustled and whispered mysteriously, then—Elizabeth fell asleep.

When she awoke, she found that her mother had put on her pretty blue dress, and was waiting to slip Elizabeth's white one on her. As a crowning joy, Elizabeth was allowed to carry the gay pink parasol that her mother had had buried away in a trunk.

Eager as the little girl was to again visit her neighbor, the walk through the woods, with her mother laughing and chatting gayly, was not half long enough, and they came in sight of their neighbor's cabin all too soon. When they reached the gate, they stopped to admire the garden. It has been laid out very carefully. All along one side tall spikes of hollyhocks with pink bells stood out in conventional relief against a background of climbing morning-glories. Blue larkspur thrust its head out in contrast to the pink hollyhock bells. Striped grass, which gleamed silver and white in the afternoon, bordered the walk. At the further end was a bed of herbs, and beyond, the radishes, onions, and other vegetables stood in tidy, regular rows.

"My mother used to have pink hollyhocks in her garden. I remember we children used to tie string to the flowers and ring them for bells," said Elizabeth's mother, and her lips quivered again.

A big dog came bounding down the path, barking a friendly welcome to them. A woman appeared in the doorway. When she saw that she was to have guests, she half turned to go back into the house again, but instead, hesitatingly stepped out on the small porch and waited to greet her visitors hospitably when they should reach the porch. Hilda came out on the porch behind her mother, and when she saw Elizabeth, sprang down the path to meet her. This was introduction enough for the two mothers, and they found themselves shaking hands in a very friendly way.

"I just frost my cake, as you come," ventured Mrs. Red Horse, timidly. "It is cool there, will you come to the kitchen with me, while I finish, or will you sit here on the porch? It will take me just a few minutes."

"I will go with you."

The kitchen was just as Elizabeth had described it. One side was used as a kitchen, the other as a dining-room, and at the end, near the fire-place, stood homemade bookshelves, filled with books.

"You like to read?"

"Yes, we read. Maybe we don't read the kind of books you like. In the winter we read about flowers and trees, and how to take care of them; in the summer we plan what new things we must read about the next winter, when the evenings are long. So we don't get very much time for other kinds of reading.

"I see you have a beautiful basket. Do you make baskets?"

"No, I am a Sioux, and the Sioux Indian does not know how to make baskets. Our women make beadwork."

"Don't you intend to learn to make baskets?"

"No, why should I? I want to learn to do the things I need to do for my family every day. Indians use to need to know how to make

baskets, but they don't need them now. They use dishes. I like pretty dishes. Last winter I buy a book that tells me how to paint china. That is better, I think, than to learn to weave baskets. You shall see; I show you." She took a plate from the plate-rail, and placed it on the table before her guest. Elizabeth's mother gazed at it a moment; it bore a conventional wreath of blue larkspur and pink hollyhocks.

"You like it?"

"Yes, I like it very much. I like the colors, though I should never have thought of using those colors in just that way. You understand the effect of colors, I see."

"No, I do not, but I paint what I see that pleases me in my garden or what comes to—what shall I say—my spirit eyes. You see, I explain! We Indians are different from white people. We do not weave our blankets and baskets, or thread our beads like any book says we shall. Most of us have lived in the woods or on the praries, and we put into our weaving the thoughts and some of the colors we have found in these places. When we try to make a thing, we look within; when you white people try to make a thing, you open wide your eyes and look about you. You cannot see with your spirit eyes. I first saw the colors on this plate with my spirit eyes, and then it was so pretty, I plant flowers of that color in my garden. Perhaps though, I do not make you understand."

A gentle breeze stirred the curtains, and brought the sound of the children's gay talk, and a whiff of fragrant mint. "Mint," said Elizabeth's mother, "where do you find it? I haven't smelt it since I left home. Does it grow wild here?"

"It no grow wild here. I never yet did find it, anyway. One friend of mine sent me some, and I planted it. She dug it up from beside a creek near the school we both once go to. I plant it where the south wind blow over it, and bring its breath to me. It make me remember when I was a girl, and that is always pleasant."

"Tell me about when you were a girl."

"I talk very much, you talk very little."

"It is doing me a great deal of good to hear you talk."

"Yes? Then I am glad, though I don't understand. But if it please you, I will talk. Maybe you like me to tell you about when I was a girl? Yes? It seem very much finer to an Indian girl to go to school, I think, than it seem to a white girl. Things look so strange and grand when we first go. I was born in a tepee, and when I go to school, and live in a house, it seem very wonderful. Every spring my father and mother come to the big school in a wagon. I go with them, and all summer we live in that wagon. We drive all over the country and fish and hunt, and visit our friends, and meet other friends on the road, who fish and hunt, too. We eat around one big camp-fire, we bathe in creeks, and we sleep under the stars. Then life is much pleasure. But when the frost comes—it comes early in the Dakotas—my people take me back to school. I find there many girls of the year before, and

many new ones. Once more it seem very strange and fine to eat food from a table, bathe in beautiful white tubs, and sleep on soft beds. It very fine to go away, it very fine to come back.

"Just over the hill from the school there runs a creek. There grows the mint. We girls like to go there and talk. We sit there and laugh and talk and sing, with our feet crushing the mint. There were many kinds of Indians. There were Crows, and Blackfeet, Standing Rocks and Siouxs. There were Hopis and Diggers. Some spoke one kind of Indian talk and some another, and we each think it very funny to hear the others talk. The Crows could not understand the Siouxs, and the Hopis could not understand the Diggers. Sometimes we sing to one another; we sing war songs, love songs, death songs and cradle songs. Many times we dance when we sing. The hills echo our songs. When it comes dark, the coyotes answer us from the hills, and sing songs back to us. When we leave the creek, our clothes smell much of mint. So I am a woman, now, and I cannot go to the creek and sing songs, but I have mint in my garden, and when the south wind blows, I am a girl again."

"Don't you get lonely out here, so far away from your people?"

"Lonely?"

"Yes. Don't you get lonely when your husband is at work?"

"Lonely?" slowly, "No, I guess not, I have never found that I was lonely. The days are short. I have my work, and I have neighbors," waving her knife toward the valley.

"Your neighbors are not like you, though. Many live in such a dirty fashion. Do you care much about them? The women wouldn't understand if you talked to them about books and school."

"No, they would not. So I do not talk to them about such things. But I find many things to talk to them about. They talk about their babies; all women talk about their babies, I tell them many things they do not know. I tell them the things I learn at school, and read from books. I tell them what the smart white doctors say about babies. I say to them, 'Keep your babies clean, keep the flies away.' I say also, 'Do not live all in one room.' Many listen to what I tell them; how they kill their children with food that is not cooked nice, and I tell them it is their own badness, and their husbands, too, that bring little sick babies into the world. I am lucky. All these things I know. I tell them to my unlucky neighbor. I show the women my nice dresses and pretty hats, so they will want nice clothes, too. Though I am not of the same tribe as my neighbors, I am an Indian; these people are my people. Some of them are nice people; there are nice people everywhere if we only try to find them."

Mrs. Red Horse turned her entire attention to putting the finishing touches of frosting on her cake, held it up and surveyed it critically, carried it to the cupboard, and set it carefully away. "Now we will go and sit on the porch. We can see the pleasant country then." When seated comfortably, Mrs. Red Horse told her visitor many things of interest about the surrounding country, and their immediate neighbors.

She pointed to the smoke coming from a cabin whose chimney was just visible across a thicket of young oaks. "In that cabin over yonder lives a young white woman. She and her husband and baby come to this place last spring. Now the baby is dead, and the woman cry, and cry, and cry. I go to see her, but she says no word to me. I guess she no care to talk to me because I am Indian. It is hard to lose your baby when the poppies and the buttercups make the whole country like gold, because always you feel the pain of death when they bloom again, instead of the gladness of spring. I know; for, up on the hill there, is a grave. My baby boy is there." The white woman's hand impulsively sought that of the brown woman; and, the tears that quivered in the eyes of the white woman, were tears of pity, not for herself, but for another.

Shrill cries from the little girls told them that Mr. Red Horse and Elizabeth's father were coming around the house from the barn. They had been cutting timber in the woods not far from the barn, and had stopped to see the stock before coming to the house. After the first greetings had been spoken, Mr. Red Horse jokingly told how he had been trying to sell to Elizabeth's father "one, gentle, old horse for his wife to drive."

"I wish you *would* buy it for me to drive."

"What! Why— Why of course I will buy it if you would really like to have a horse to drive. I didn't dream you would care for a horse or would use one."

"I didn't want one, either, until this afternoon. But Mrs. Red Horse was told me so many interesting things about the country that I am anxious now to see more of it than one can see walking about on foot. So I really need a horse."

An hour later the guests started for home, after gently refusing an invitation, to stay to supper. Elizabeth's mother carried carefully, a half of the frosted cake, and Elizabeth's father led a gentle horse by the halter. "Yes," admitted Elizabeth's mother, "I have enjoyed the afternoon very much. Tomorrow you must take me over to see a woman that Mrs. Red Horse told me about. Her baby died last week." Elizabeth's mother looked up into the face of her husband, and noted the glow of health in the cheeks that were once so pale and sunken. She slipped her free hand contentedly into his. She reiterated to herself the words of her hostess, "I am lucky."

Aloud, she said, "Yes, there are nice people everywhere, if one only tries to find them."





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No. 2

ARTHUR C. PARKER—EDITOR GENERAL

EDITORIAL OFFICE

707 TWENTIETH STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Subscriptions are included in membership to the Society. Persons not members may secure *The American Indian Magazine* upon the regular subscription of \$1.00 per volume.

THE EDITORIAL COUNCIL invites friends of the race to unite with the native American in providing this quarterly Magazine with a high quality of contributions. Although contributions are reviewed as far as possible, *The American Indian Magazine* merely prints them and the authors of the accepted articles are responsible for the opinions they express. The ideas and desires of the individuals may not be in harmony with the policy or expressed beliefs of the Society but upon a free platform free speech cannot be limited. Contributors must realize that this journal cannot undertake to promote individual interests or engage in personal discussions. "The honor of the race and the good of the country shall be paramount."

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THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Oklahoma City, October 9-13, 1917



MORE than seven years have elapsed since the organization of the Society of American Indians. During these years there has been tested the ability of the advanced members of the Indian race to hold fast to a program broadly constructed, progressive in its purpose and having as its end the creation of the spirit of *race consciousness*. The object of this was and is to create a united forward movement "for the honor of the race and the good of the country," for progress, enlightenment and the responsibilities of citizenship.

During these seven years the annual conferences have met at Columbus, Ohio, twice; at Denver, at Madison, Wis., at Lawrence, Kans., and at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Each time the Society has met at some university, bringing thereby the message and the ideals of the awakened red man to thousands of college men and women. Today the country does not look upon the Indian and his capacity as it did seven years ago. The silent race has spoken and its voice has been for justice, for progress and for citizenship—it has appealed not only for itself but for America and for humanity.

After a large amount of discussion, the Executive Council, which is charged with the duty of selecting the place of the annual conference has decided for Oklahoma City. Here it may reach the very heart of the vast Indian population of that great state, erected as it is upon the foundations laid by the old Indian Territory. Oklahoma with its population of 110,000 Indians has given us a specific invitation, backed up by representative Oklahomans, including many prominent Indians. For three years the invitation has been held out to us and this time our Council feels that it is in duty bound to respond. Our first thought and plan was for Minneapolis, and indeed the Chairman of the Advisory Board, after a canvass, made this recommendation. It was with some reluctance that the Council felt it the wiser thing to change this plan already partly formed. Due consideration of the best interests of the Society and for the purpose of reaching the largest number of Indians prompted the decision.

Further details of the conference and its plans will appear in a later issue of this magazine and will be printed in special circulars. The Secretary will be glad to furnish information in the meantime.

A WELL KNOWN OKLAHOMAN



Charles D. Carter, (Chickasaw)
Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, and former Vice
President on Legislation, S. A. I.

THE BULLETIN BOARD

Mrs. Bonnin Takes Charge of the Washington Office

The Secretary of the Society, Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin, has now assumed oversight in the Washington Office where the executive and business affairs of the Society will be conducted. It is at considerable expense that Mrs. Bonnin has moved from Fort Duchesne, Utah. Her zeal for the Society is without limitation and her courage in facing the necessity that seemed imperative to save the business interests of the Society is most remarkable.

A society with a Secretary of such courage and determination ought to give her all the backing within its power. Every member should now do something. New members are needed, more financial assistance and above all a loyal and sympathetic spirit.

How to send Money for the Society

In making our checks and money orders designed for the use of the society, as in paying dues or making donations, make them payable to the Society of American Indians, and not to any individual officer. This will insure a correct accounting and make the banking easier by making fewer endorsements necessary.

Pictures and News Items Wanted

Again we desire to remind our readers that we can serve each other best by cooperation. If each of us will send in a scrap of news or a photograph we shall have a brighter, more newsy magazine. We desire to know of business successes, of stock raising, of farming activities, of student club meetings, of Indian fairs, exhibits, prizes, local progress, personal notes of interest, and the like. We also want clippings from local newspapers on Indian matters. Everything helps. Do not forget to do your share, gentle reader, because you think the other reader will do his, and make yours unnecessary. We want *your* share. We have just been looking over our membership list, name by name, and wonder as we read each, just what he or she was willing to do. We read your name, and wondered——.



DECLARATION OF POLICY IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

By HON. CATO SELLS, Commissioner of Indian Affairs

During the past four years the efforts of the administration of Indian affairs have been largely concentrated on the following fundamental activities—the betterment of health conditions of Indians, the suppression of the liquor traffic among them, the improvement of their industrial conditions, the further development of vocational training in their schools, and the protection of the Indians' property. Rapid progress has been made along all these lines, and the work thus reorganized and revitalized will go on with increased energy. With these activities and accomplishments well under way, we are now ready to take the next step in our administrative program.

The time has come for discontinuing guardianship of all competent Indians and giving even closer attention to the incompetent that they may more speedily achieve competency.

Broadly speaking, a policy of greater liberalism will henceforth prevail in Indian administration to the end that every Indian, as soon as he has been determined to be as competent to transact his own business as the average white man, shall be given full control of his property and have all his lands and moneys turned over to him, after which he will no longer be a ward of the Government.

Pursuant to this policy, the following rules shall be observed:

1. *Patents in fee:* To all able-bodied adult Indians of less than one-half Indian blood, there will be given as far as may be under the law full and complete control of all their property. Patents in fee shall be issued to all adult Indians of one-half or more Indian blood who may, after careful investigation, be found competent, provided, that where deemed advisable patents in fee shall be withheld for not to exceed 40 acres as a home.

Indian students, when they are twenty-one years of age, or over, who complete the full course of instruction in the Government schools, receive diplomas and have demonstrated competency will be so declared.

2. *Sale of Lands:* A liberal ruling will be adopted in the matter of passing upon applications for the sale of inherited Indian lands where the applicants retain other lands and the proceeds are to be used to improve the homesteads or for other equally good purposes. A more liberal ruling than has hitherto prevailed will hereafter be followed with regard to the applications of noncompetent Indians for the sale of their lands where they are old and feeble and need the proceeds for their support.

3. *Certificates of Competency:* The rules which are made to apply in the granting of patents in fee and the sale of lands will be made equally applicable in the matter of issuing certificates of competency.

4. *Individual Indian Moneys*: Indians will be given unrestricted control of all their individual Indian moneys upon issuance of patents in fee or certificates of competency. Strict limitations will not be placed upon the use of funds of the old, the indigent, and the invalid.

5. *Pro Rata Shares—Trust Funds*: As speedily as possible their pro rata shares in tribal trust or other funds shall be paid to all Indians who have been declared competent, unless the legal status of such funds prevents. Where practicable the pro rata shares of incompetent Indians will be withdrawn from the Treasury and placed in banks to their individual credit.

6. *Elimination of Ineligible Pupils from the Government Indian Schools*: In many of our boarding schools Indian children are being educated at Government expense whose parents are amply able to pay for their education and have public school facilities at or near their homes. Such children shall not hereafter be enrolled in Government Indian schools supported by gratuity appropriations, except on payment of actual per capita cost and transportation.

These rules are hereby made effective, and all Indian Bureau administrative officers at Washington and in the field will be governed accordingly.

This is a new and far reaching declaration of policy. It means the dawn of a new era in Indian administration. It means that the competent Indian will no longer be treated as half ward and half citizen. It means reduced appropriations by the Government and more self-respect and independence for the Indian. It means the ultimate absorption of the Indian race into the body politic of the Nation. It means, in short, the beginning of the end of the Indian problem.

In carrying out this policy, I cherish the hope that all real friends of the Indian race will lend their aid and hearty cooperation.



THE MENACE OF PEYOTE

By Rev. Lyman Abbott

(In The Outlook)

There is no inconsiderable danger that this country, absorbed in the great problems of war measures and interested in the fulfillment of its philanthropic duties toward oppressed and suffering peoples abroad, will forget its unquestioned and immediate duty to dependent peoples at home. That the Indians in the West, recognized as wards of our Nation, are suffering under an appalling and continuing calamity is, in our judgment, after some careful study of the problem, unquestionable, and the continuance of this calamity is due, not to a lack of careful investigation by the proper authorities, but to the absorption of the attention of Congress by other questions. On February 2, 1916, Mr. Gandy introduced a bill "to profit the traffic in peyote, including its sale to Indians, introduction into the Indian country, importation and transportation, and providing penalties therefor." This bill was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs, and has the approval, we believe, of that Committee, of the Indian Bureau, and of the Department of the Interior. The investigations by the Office of Indian Affairs brought reports from Indian agents and others in the field embodied in over two hundred typewritten pages. The very amplitude of the material makes it almost impossible for a busy Congressman to examine it. We hope the summary which follows may be of some service to our representatives in Congress, and may do something to stimulate a public opinion outside of Congress urging to legislative action in this matter.

Peyote, also called mescal buttons, is a cactus imported from Mexico; it produces results upon the user somewhat analogous to those produced by opium and by hasheesh. The few defenders of its use present three arguments against its prohibition:

I. That it has some medical uses, as opium has. This is questionable.

II. That it destroys the appetite for whiskey. This is also questionable, the witnesses on this subject being about equally divided. But there is practical agreement that if it has such an effect the remedy is worse than the disease.

III. That it has become an instrument used in the religious worship of the Indians, and that it is not legitimate to interfere with their religious worship. If it were true that any practice employed in religious worship can never be interfered with, there would be nothing to prevent setting up in any of our cities a pagan temple, with prostitutes offering themselves under the name of religion as ministers to lust.

The reports from the field of the effect of peyote on its users contain three or four accounts of the personal experience of those who have made use of it. We select one of these accounts, given by an Indian, partly

because it is less technical than those given by scientific experimenters, partly because its *naivete* furnishes a good illustration of its so-called religious effect on members of the Indian race:

"Now the first peyote that I took I drunk something about four cupful of tea. And its effects on me, that I seen, I do not want them again. I thought myself, that must be the devils. Why their ears stuck out above their heads, and they made all kinds of faces, they made fun of me; and turn over again and sometimes and dance around me. They stuck their tongue out and made fun of me. I never paid any attention to them. I stayed right with my peyote, and I prayed God. That is the first time.

"And then had effect once again. There was my girls—they was not married. I have three of them. When we was in there, the peyote meeting, why the peyote took effect on me, and I was praying myself, 'And for the homeless and for the poor,' and the fire was blazing up bright. I saw a ladder come from heaven and set right down at the end of the fireplace. Ladder was just as fine as could be made. And I seen two little fellows—about so tall—(Mr. W. indicates to Mr. L.)—come out of the fire. They wore black suits and black hats both of them little fellows they went up to heaven on that ladder, and never came down."

We hardly need to say to our readers that this is not religion, that it has no tendency to promote religion, that it has exactly an opposite tendency, since it leads the user to imagine that religion is something else than living a pure, honest, upright, kindly, and reverent life. There is a practically unanimous testimony from all missionaries, and apparently from all those interested in the moral and religious welfare of the Indian, that its intoxicating effects seriously interfere with the religion of good morals. It is equally deleterious ethically and physically. It excites the sexual passions. In the words of one of the writers, "its use among some of the Indians is more of a drunk and carousal than a religious service." Our space does not allow us to quote at length from these official reports. We must content ourselves with stating the substance of these reports in single sentences. According to the practically unanimous testimony of these witnesses, peyote has the same poisonous effect as liquor or as opium—effects so marked that it is called "dry whiskey." While producing abnormal awakening of the imagination, it saps the nervous energy and will power and gradually destroys energy, clearness of thought, and persistent purpose. It does not produce violence, as does alcohol, but is followed by a greater stupor. It unfits the user for the discharge of ordinary industrial and business functions; injuriously affects the stomach, the liver, and the heart, producing dizziness and nausea, destroying the mucous coating of the stomach. It has in some instances produced blindness, led to suicide, and caused death. Probably nowhere in the country has there been a better opportunity for a study of the effects of peyote on the Indians than in Oklahoma, and as far back as 1899 Oklahoma passed a statute prohibiting its use on any Indian reservation or Indian allotment and its sale to any

allotted Indian in the Territory, except as a medicine prescribed by a professional physician.

Mr. Gandy's bill,¹ which was left unenacted by the last Congress will be reintroduced, and it ought to be pushed forward to speedy enactment, as it can be if Mr. Gandy receives the co-operation of his colleagues; for the use of peyote, promoted partly by financial interests, partly by unscrupulous Indian leaders opposed to anything which promotes Indian civilization, and partly a debasing superstition, is working a widespread evil among the Indian tribes which can be prevented only by prompt and vigorous legislative action.

1. Mr. Gandy on June 12, reintroduced his Peyote bill (H. R. 4999).

GOOD AND BAD HEREDITY IN RELATION TO DEPENDENT RACES²

Abstract of Address of CHARLES B. DAVENPORT, Ph.D.

MANKIND is made up of hundreds of independent inheritable traits of physical, mental and temperamental sorts; the presence of which determines so many potential species. The mental and temperamental differences have just as clearly an hereditary basis as the physical and the opposition to this conclusion on the part of some anthropologists and psychologists is extraordinarily illogical.

Since in our dependent races there are tribes with different hereditary traits, it is not desirable to treat all tribes of a race alike; treatment that is suitable for one sessile tribe of "The Indian" may be fatal to another tribe which is nomadic. Legislation about any dependent race should be preceded by a scientific study of its hereditary traits and its mores. It is cruel to seek to impose the New England mores on a people who have not the hereditary elements (as well as the traditions) of the founders of New England.

The interbreeding of dissimilar races, which may be each harmonious in its own organization, tends to produce disharmonies in the hybrid offspring, such as a large body-size and small viscera, crowded teeth and mental and temperamental incongruities. Nevertheless, miscegenation is occurring and, from an academic standpoint, it may be said that it might not be wholly bad; because by it, as in no other way, certain individuals combining the best hereditary qualities of two races may be produced.

2. Extract from an address delivered at the Mohonk Conference Oct. 19, 1916.

